

vacivity filled only by your dodrantal love

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vacivity filled only by your dodrantal love

by [onebreathyboi](#)

Summary

vacivity: emptiness

dodrantal: a word that describes something nine inches long

Without turning around, his saviour spoke shakily, “Are you alright?”

The words were stuttered out with shaking breaths, his beach sand and fresh palm scent stuffing Georges’ nose. It took every ounce of pride and self control to not bare his neck right there and present for the dominant alpha.

“U-uh yeah, I’m fine,” His accent bled through his words, odd vowel sounds controlling his sentence.

“That’s an odd accent,” The blond alpha chuckled out awkwardly, “are you from here?”

George goes into heat on the bus in Florida and is saved by a mysterious blond alpha. Said alpha drops him off at his home and.. leaves? Maybe it's worth looking into this stranger alpha.

I do NOT ship the people, just the characters, but i dont like looking at the word sapnap and dream in writing so they are nick and clay respectively.

Notes

some subtle things in this: im a weird grammar nerd so dream is referred to as blond (male) and george is brunette (female) yes that is on purpose, to show that omegas take on a traditionally female role and are referred to as such.

uh; packs are a thing in this and clay and nick are in a pack, pack bonds are lifelong platonic bonds that are solidified by a bite. pls dont get confused with my saying clay and nick have bitten each other

the use of real names is not an attempt to ship the people, i just dont like seeing the igns in writing.

this work WILL be removed if one or more creators expresses displeasure with it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

melting into the seats

Even a rainy day couldn't solve the overarching problem of his life.

Fuck. Fuck. *Fuck*.

Slick ran down his legs, coating the bus seat with sickly sweet fluid, clear in colour and sticking his jeans to his thighs and gluing his ass to the chair. The atmosphere of the bus flipped faster than a spongebob burger on a busy day. Peoples neck's nearly snapped, turning to scent the air, itching to find the source of such a succulent scent.

George pulled the hood of his jacket over his eyes, sinking into the blue fabric in an attempt to drown in his shame. Frantic sniffing could be heard from every corner of the bus, invading his ears and licking at his embarrassment. The shuffling of feet broke his stupor, drawing his eyes from the hem of his hood to the blond alpha standing in front of his cowering form. Oh fuck. Pure panic flooded his brain, the invasion of an unfamiliar blond alpha raiding his vision and blurring his senses.

Growls rang on the bus walls, forcing his neck to tilt in submission and release the calming scent of soothing apples and clean vanilla. The air in the bus changed once more, whimpering from previously posturing alphas now filling the transport. More slick poured from his small body and the alpha guarding him started to shake.

Without turning around, his saviour spoke shakily, "Are you alright?"

The words were stuttered out with rickety breaths, his beach sand and fresh palm scent stuffing Georges' nose. It took every ounce of pride and self control to not bare his neck right there and present for the dominant alpha.

"U-uh yeah, I'm fine," His accent bled through his words, odd vowel sounds controlling his sentence.

"That's an odd accent," The blond alpha chuckled out awkwardly, "are you from here?"

The blatant display of control touches something primal in the omega. George swallows a whimper.

"No, no, over seas," Words were hard in the face of a providing alpha and heat consuming his mind.

"I knew that," He wheezes, pulling George from his pheromone drunk state, "Where?"

It's now when the bus sharply turns, throwing Georges' body in the back of the alpha standing dutifully in front of him. The blond inhales quickly, physically shaking with the effort it takes to not ravage the foreign omega behind him.

George scrambles to push back into his seat to his slick puddle, the viscous fluid suctioning him to the plastic with the force.

"Where's your stop?" The alpha asks while remaining standing and facing away, knuckles white with his grip on the handles.

"Next one, the stop is right outside my apartment," He says, hands balled into his blue hoodie and

hoodie strings pulled tight around his face. Easier to hide than face the back of the alpha.

The seconds pass in agony, no words spoken after Georges' declaration, silence filled with heavy breathing of the alpha and whimpering of the lesser alphas around him. A scarce glance up and George can see some omega women plugging their noses and betas ignoring the scene around them.

The bus soon inches to a stop and the alpha turns to gently tug on Georges sleeve, finally facing the omega head on. He stops dead seeing the deep green eyes and haloed blond hair of his saviour.

"C'mon, you're here," He says softly, motioning to the bus doors while moving to exit with the omega. George stands, wincing at the dark puddle on the seat before shuffling to the fresh air. The alpha steps out first to ease the omegas primal fear of being hunted.

George follows the alpha out the doors and to the front of his apartment building. The blond stops, before turning away to walk back towards the bus stop.

"Wait!" George grabs the arm of the alpha, electric shivers being sent through his body at the point of contact.

The sudden jolt of electricity startles the pair, turning the taller man towards the shorter.

"Spend my heat with me, alpha, please I trust you," Tears well in George's eyes, face pink with the effort of standing and general embarrassment.

Stiff as a board, the alpha turns away. His posture is rigid and the air smells of angry sea storms and tossed up sand. He shakes and breathes deeply, eyes scrunched shut and mouth in a thin line.

"Sorry, stranger, you're not in your right mind," George is almost disappointed he didn't call him *omega*, "call me when you're sober!" He says, taking his phone out and thrusting it in the British mans hands, trusting him to input a number. George breaks through the heat to enter the contact, typing in *George (bus omega)* along with his number. The mysterious alpha snatches his phone back and turns to speed walk away, leaving the omega shivering with heat at the bottom of his apartment stairs.

His phone buzzes, screen displaying an incoming text when he reaches to unearth the offending object from his pocket. An unknown number reads:

(***)(***)(****)

*hi im clay the alpha from the bus
text me when ur safe and home*

George quickly names the contact for the alpha before stumbling into his apartment and collapsing against the front door. He shakily pulls out his phone and shoots the alpha- no, *Clay*,- a text saying he made it home, then promptly drops the object and stumbles to his nest to soldier out the next few days of his life.

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Clay breaths hard and settles his mind, the overwhelming feeling of death pushing against rationality. Proper omeagan safety dictates omegas stay home when close to their heat. He takes a deep breath of scentless air to clear his head again, filling his lungs and calming his body.

Was he - *George*- a mated omega? Likely not, considering most alphas don't want their beloved partners to leave the house into danger and posturing competition.

Did George go out for an essential service? Did Clay miss any objects in his hands while guarding him? No, he didn't take anything off the bus. So, why was that omega - George, dammit - out in the first place?

Clay pushed it from his mind to focus on the bus stop seats, the one his hands are near bending from the force of his grip. Behind him sits the apartment with an omega in heat, begging to be mounted, filled, calling Clay alpha --

He takes a deep breath again. God he needs to touch some grass.

The bus seats honestly can't take much more, in poor condition from weather and the bear trap grip of his trying to squeeze life out of a lifeless object. Where is a patch of grass when a man needs one?

Soon enough, the bus squeals to a stop with the telltale noise of the brakes releasing air, before the doors open and the crowd flows out. He boards and sits in the back, glancing at the chair where George sat looking for a puddle of slick belonging to the smaller male. Realistically, he knows someone cleaned it up, either out of necessity or respect for the man.

He cringes at himself for looking for the slick, feeling like a creep for searching at all, wincing at the thought of being viewed like a stalker. He rides the bus back to his home, sending Nick a text that he had to cancel the mall trip and strapping in for a day of teenage-like jacking off. God, he feels 12.

Stepping into his Florida apartment, priced too high for the small space and location, he greets Patches and Nick lounging on his couch. His nostrils flare and Nick rapidly turns his head to the alpha, tilting his head in an attempt to avoid a fight. They stopped fighting for dominance when they were 15. It was no longer a fight that needed to be fought.

"Woah, dude, what is the matter with you?" Nick asks accusingly, neck still tilted in submission. Clay would win, they both knew it.

"Sorry, something happened on the bus, little riled up," He says, trying to reel the scent of agitated alpha from the air though Nick keeps his wrists and palms face up anyways, "some dumb omega went into heat and I helped him home."

Nick inclined his head for him to continue speaking, knowing that wasn't this full problem. His best friend doesn't get frazzled this much by an omega in heat.

"Nick,-" He sighs, then takes a deep breath, "he called me alpha and begged me to stay, I almost did. Now, I'm stuck posturing against the alphas who tried to get him on the bus and the pheromones of an idiot." Oh, that makes a lot of sense.

Nick lets out a submissive sound and Clay's body relaxes, the threat of an alpha in his home placated by his total submission. No need to tear out any throats today.

"What was his name?" Nick asks, breaking his submissive whine and filling the tense silence. Clay takes a shuddering breath and blushes hard, slipping his hands into his pockets and turning his face away- an acknowledgement of Nick's submission and a reminder: even relaxed, he can and will beat any alpha around.

"George, that's what he put in my phone," He says behind a smile, face igniting at the memory of

such a pretty omega begging to be knotted, bred, mated-- Jesus, where the *fuck* is grass?

A surprised sound left Nick, causing Clay to whip his head from it's docile position staring at the wall and glare at Nick. The shorter male resumes his purr, though his eyes ask *You got his number?*

"Yeah, I got his number when I left, that's when he begged me to stay," Clay sighs at the memory, growing restless remembering his sweet apple and vanilla scent. Patches leaps from Nick's lap and saunters to Clay, bringing with her soft comfort and softer fur. His scent eases from raging tropical storms to docile waves and swaying palm trees.

Nick raises his hand to ask a question, to which Clay snickers.

"Yes, you, in the back," Clay says with a smile, pointing at Nick on the couch. Nick feigns surprise by looking around and pointing at himself, to which Clay nods.

"Finally, teach! Don't be offended Mr. Phillips," Clay glares at the use of his last name, though Nick ignores it. "Are you going into rut soon? You aren't normally this weird around omegas."

Clay perks up at that suggestion, going to sniff at his wrist. One strong whiff and Clay's face twists into a grimace, before nodding at Nick. The shorter alpha flinches a little, surprised at just how much control his fellow alpha has. He protected and helped an omega in heat home, an omega who invited him to share his heat, all while being on the cusp of his own rut. What was this man made out of?

"I'll go stay with Karl, you can work this out," Clay nods stiffly at Nick's words, "text me when it's over, okay?" Normally, Nick would leave with a hug; not a good idea when he's on the cusp of rut and possessive about some random omega.

The native Texan slips through the front door, leaving Clay to live through his rut.

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Four agonizing days of constantly needing to be filled, thinking about that blond alpha behind him, filling his womb with seed and pups.

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Four days of fucking his hand and knotable toy, dreaming of that brunette omega squirming under him, taking his hard cock and drinking up all his seed, whimpering and begging to be bitten.

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The morning of day five George finally can go an hour without needing a knot. He wakes to a sticky bed and naked body, his sheets bundled and soiled. His stomach rumbles violently, taking priority over cleanliness. After that harrowing half week, he was nowhere near godliness.

He crawls from his destroyed nest and stumbles nakedly to his kitchen, rummaging blindly for a water bottle and a granola bar. When both objects are found he rests on the couch, ravaging the messy snack and downing the water. His entire body aches and stinks, thighs covered in slick and stomach coated in dried cum.

His feet carry him to the bathroom, body running on autopilot through the entire process. The warm water liberated his skin from mess, running his sin down the drain. His parents never did like his omegan nature, his sinful nature, always focusing on the eldest child; the perfect alpha.

Wilbur, his *perfect* alpha brother, ran the show. Amazing grades, soccer skills, always pulled beautiful and well mannered omegas. George, however, found his heart in coding and staying inside, the evil sun beating his skin and scaring him away from any type of outside activity.

Their parents assumed he's just anti-social, that he'll come out of his shell when he presents as an alpha. George solidified their disappointment when he started to slick, create nests and constantly be near his brother.

He really needs to call Wilbur, it's been too long since they've spoken. Whenever home berated him, it was Wilbur who picked up the pieces, comforted him when no one else would. His brother remains the only family he contacts.

The shower dribbled to a stop, leaving George cold and standing in his daze. Eventually he stepped out, toweling off his frail body before searching for his phone amidst the wreckage. He slips on some pajamas during his search, finding the phone at the front door.

Opening the device displayed the text from the alpha who saved him, Clay. He blushed, recalling the fuzzy memory of begging the poor man to stay. George shot him a quick text, just to introduce himself properly.

clay (bus alpha)
hey its george the omega
from the bus
can we meet up so i can thank u?

His frail hands switched to his brothers contact smoothly, pressing the call button and lifting the phone to his ear.

It rang.

Rang.

"Georgie!" His brother always sounded like he was beaming whenever they talked. George chuckled at his bigger brothers enthusiasm, god help if their parents found out Wilbur acted so childish when talking to his younger brother.

"Sorry I couldn't talk, I was in the middle of my heat," Wilbur made an acknowledgement on the other side of the line, "and boy, do I have news."

George spent the better part of an hour recalling the situation to his brother, who laughed and asked to meet the guy who saved his baby brother. Definitely not to size him up, no way. The story went something like this.

The day of work had started out simple enough, little hot all day but nothing too extreme. It's Florida heat, so constant mugginess and sweating was expected. It was when his boss had scented the air around him that he became conscious of the heat around him.

"Sorry, it's so hot today, I don't mean to smell like sweat," His manager sniffed again, causing George to blush, "Hey, I don't smell that bad do I?"

"Excuse me for asking this, but are you nearing your heat?" Although it was a question managers

were legally allowed to ask, it still startled the short male.

“Uh, I don’t think so?” He pulled his wrist to his face and sniffed before his face dropped in realization. “Oh my god, I didn’t know it was this close, I’m so sorry! I can work the rest of the day but I’ll need to take my heat leave,” His accent made apologizing sound much more genuine. His boss nodded before leaving.

Needless to say, he didn’t make it through the day. Wilbur listened through the usually uncomfortable heat and alpha talk, but he never was the one to care. George’s speaking sucked up the hour, unrealizing until Wilbur yawned over the phone. Oh, right, it’s 3pm over there and Wilbur works the night shift.

“Dude, if you needed to sleep you could’ve said so,” George says dismissively, silently encouraging his brother to sleep from across the ocean.

“No, no,” His sentence breaks with a yawn, “I don’t know when I’ll get to hear your voice again so it’s fine. Mom and dad have been unbearable, I needed a familiar voice. Don’t worry, pipsqueak!” George politely ignores the name and focuses on Wilbur’s previous statement.

“They’ve been unbearable?” George asks, voice laced with concern. Why does Wilbur always think it’s his job to deal with their parents?

“Yeah, just trying to set me up with some omega women,” He says, voice sad and words bringing a realization to the omega.

“They don’t know about...?” George asks, to which he is met with silence. Guess not.

“I’m gonna go now Georgie, keep me updated about that alpha!” Before George can say goodbye, the line is dead.

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Stumbling out of his room, Nick surprises Clay by sitting on the couch with Patches in his lap.

“Dude, I thought you were stayin’ with Karl?” His apparent nakedness doesn’t bother him around Nick, the pair accustomed to physical closeness.

“Uh yeah, he went into heat and I bit him- not enough to mate, but now we’re a scent marked pair for a little. I had to leave otherwise I was gonna mate him,” He said, face burning with blush and hands fidgeting in his lap.

“So you... left your scent marked omega during his heat? Dude, I didn’t think you were that cruel,” Clay responded, not at all bothered by Nick’s declaration of a potential new mate. Being packed together had its benefits.

Nick’s face flew into flames, “No, Jesus, no! I left when it was over to let him think over being bitten by me- you know, in case he actually wants to bond soon...” His legs crossed, throwing Patches from his lap. Clay just laughed and slapped the back of his head.

“I’m kidding dude, let me go change and we’ll talk.”

Clay was gone before Nick could argue.

smooth vodka bandaids

Chapter Summary

a bunch of shenanigans i wrote during my first hour then continued at midnight. i am so sorry if its terrible feel free to lob tomatoes at me in the comments
i am very tired

Chapter Notes

i am so sorry this is shorter i know i am cringe
this is my first time writing a chaptered piece so trying to push out chapters on an regularish basis is harder than i thought
im lamechamp im sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Returning from his room, Clay plops down on the couch mildly clothed. He pulls Patches into his boxer clad lap and pets her soft fur, mean claws scratching lovingly into his thin shirt.

“So, tell me what happened,” It's not a request, it's an order from the head alpha in their little two man pack. Clay is scouting Karl's worthiness to be in their pack.

“Well, I went over there,” Clay rolls his eyes and looks at his imaginary watch, “Fine. He went into heat the second day I was over. I could tell, he smelled like honey that was so sickeningly sweet I thought he had a fever,” Nick recalls, moving his hands along with the story.

“I asked him if he wanted me to leave when he grabbed my shirt and begged me to stay- as alpha. I just kind of forgot how to breathe and the rest is history. We shared his heat, I bit his neck to scent mark him, he bit mine,” He pulls his shirt collar down to display Karl's teeth marks, across the neck from Clay's own pack bonding marks.

“So you guys are properly courting now?” Clay asks, running his fingers over the indents on Nicks neck, eliciting a shiver from the younger alpha. Clay laughs and draws his hands away, question obviously answered. Nick nods anyways.

“So, when do I get to size up the lovely sounding guy?” Nick blushes at Clays request, body tensing up and a growl starting in his throat. Clay quickly kills it with a responding growl of his own, one that says, *I'm still the head alpha here.*

“Sorry, it just makes me nervous to have him around the pack head,” Clay knows the feeling, between asking Nick if he wanted to pack together and asking his own father permission to leave the family pack. The leader ultimately decides if another person joins their found family.

“I'm gonna let him in, Nick, I won't say no,” He laughs and slaps the shorter males back, “if he's your omega I have no issue. I just wanna meet the guy.”

Nick lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"We can set something up when I'm comfortable with his heat being totally over," Clay wheezes at that, clutching his stomach and hitting his head on the couch, scaring Patches from his lap.

"Du-de, I'm not gonna st-e-e-al him, I'm interested in that other om-ega-," His laugh breaks up his words, sound growing louder at Nick's embarrassed face.

Nick punches his shoulder, to which Clay pounces on the younger alpha. Nick grins, fighting to reach dominance over Clay. The stakes: head alpha. A lower ranking alpha fighting the head alpha is always a challenge. One that Nick always loses.

One squirmish later and Nick is pinned on the floor under Clay, huffing as Clay bites down on the pack mark. Nick goes limp in submission, giving into the dominance of the other.

"You've gotta stop fighting me Nickie, you always end up like this," He said while pulling himself from Nick's body, reaching his hand down to help the defeated man up. He takes the hand in compliance and lets Clay pull him up.

"I'll win one day," Clay wheezes again and ruffles the hair on Nick's head.

"No, you won't."

That's the end of it.

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George checks his phone again for a response, to find nothing on his screen. Did he misread the alpha? Giving your number to an omega seems like what someone who wanted to meet up would do. Almost as if staring at his phone willed a text into existence, his phone buzzes and illuminates the words for his eyes to read.

from: clay (bus alpha)
hey sure! just tell me when!

Seems easy enough and open ended. George responds quickly enough to make himself cringe.

to: clay (bus alpha)
im open any day
want to grab lunch tomorrow?

Is that too soon? George doesn't have long to ponder before his phone buzzes again.

from: clay (bus alpha)
yeah absolutely
food court? its open spaced and
diverse unless you wanted privacy? ;P

George already regrets asking, though he laughs at the boldness and general silliness of this alpha. How did he know that he was scared to meet him privately?

to: clay (bus alpha)
sounds good

ill be there at 1 so show up

He cringes at his own rudeness but swallows it down, setting his phone on the counter instead to start the process of psyching himself up for tomorrow. There are many tasks he needs to accomplish; for starters, cleaning up his wreck of an apartment.

He has no plans of bringing the kind alpha home, just saying his thanks and maybe paying for his meal. Still, he picks up the destroyed nest in his room anyways. Blankets are tossed into the small apartment washing machine, thankful for relatively acceptable appliances within his home.

Grabbing sheets from the closet, he replaces the ones soaked in dried slick and cum, throwing that bundle into a pile awaiting washing. George quickly fixes his bed, leaving the materials to be washed near the machine before starting onto the rest of his apartment.

There are dishes in the sink from nearly a week ago, collecting dust and smelling of stale dish water. With a grimace he rinses them out and tosses them in the dishwasher to be cleaned, then moves onto the lackluster fridge configuration and food assortment design.

Nearly five hours of finding meaningless things to clean plus multiple loads of laundry later, and he's finally ready to call it a day. Has he been stress cleaning? Yes. Was it in case that alpha came over and he needed to prove his competency at providing a nest? Definitely not that super specific scenario.

The clock on his dingy white oven blinks six in the afternoon, the sun tragically dying in the sky. The horizon is dipped in what he assumes are red tinged colours, though brown for his terrible eyes. Fuck, alphas don't want broken omegas, they don't make good litters.

Wait, what? What was that thought right there? George, the unmateable George, did not just think that thought. Litters and pups did not cross his mind, no sir. Must have been a glitch. He's not capable of courting, let alone bearing pups, especially not for that alpha that deserves a stronger and better breeding omega.

Oh my god, what did that alpha do to him? George sprints into the bathroom to check his neck for bites, trying desperately to pin this wanton desire for this alpha on something rather than his own want.

A frantic searching of his neck finds him empty handed and broken-hearted. That alpha hadn't bitten him, which made him sad to a degree.

No, not today. George promptly stomps over to his liquor cabinet for a hard drink, reaching for the special case of nice vodka his brother had given him. If he was going to make it through the night without jerking off to that alpha, he was going to need something one-fifty-one proof. Thank god for his alcoholic brother.

Pouring himself a glass, he adds ice, cranberry juice and a splash- scratch that, nearly two shots- of vodka in the cup. He stirs quickly, eager to down the smooth substance and make another one. God, did Wilbur know how to buy amazing vodka.

George whips up another one and takes it to the couch this time, flipping on his small TV with only slightly drunken ease. A day of coming down from heat and barely eating was not conducive to drinking, though it did make the process faster.

He turned to a show he had been enjoying on Netflix, Love Death Robots, and leaned back into the couch. Sipping a well made drink while watching amazing animation was something he'd have to

do more often.

When his glass proved empty, he set it down and returned to watching the episode. Though he didn't watch for much longer as his lids grew heavy and sleep clouded his mind. He only had half a mind to pause for exhaustedly curling up with a couch blanket and falling asleep.

Chapter End Notes

again, @skook7 on twitter ill figure out how to embed links some day
really really sorry this is so short cringe

thermodynamic equilibrium

Chapter Summary

The boys finally meet pog?

this is what happens when you dont have a plan for a story and just write shit

Chapter Notes

gl understanding this shit bruh
its one of my dreams to have someone make fanart of my fics so pls feel free my
twitter is embedded at the bottom
hey also my grandfather just passed from covid and ive been exposed so i might be a
little late to my already weird schedule
but i have a lot of time off school cuz of exposure pog?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Both men awake that morning in different houses but with the same goal: meet the mysterious man on the bus.

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Clay wakes to the blessed sound of Nick snoring into his armpit, face buried into his side. The taller alpha wiggles his way out of Nick's grasp and pulls the blanket over his sleeping pack mate, who snuggles into the warmth and smell of the pack. It's normal for packmates, especially ones who have been in a pack since adolescence, to sleep together. This act alleviates the anxiety of not being aware of who you're supposed to protect and how you're going to protect them.

After stumbling carefully from the cage-like grip of the shorter male, he walks toward the kitchen to burn some of the hunger gnawing at his stomach. Even though he had just been out of rut, he didn't eat much on account of Nick, who had eaten before he arrived back at their shared apartment.

God, that head alpha thing plays a lot into his daily life. No need for the alpha to eat if the pack has eaten, my ass. Clay quietly curses his biology while pulling out the milk for cereal. Pouring the cereal first, then the milk, like someone normal, draws Nick from their bedroom and into the kitchen.

He plops down on the island chair and waits for Clay to make him a bowl, like he always does. Stupid head alpha bullshit, he could easily be mistaken for a simp. Clay mindlessly retches at the thought of simping for Nick, then puts the bowl down in front of him. Heavy on the milk as Nick prefers. Jesus Christ.

“So, you’re goin’ to see that omega today?” Nick asks, bringing the spoon to his mouth while rubbing sleep from his eyes.

“Uh, yeah, how did you know?” Clay asks as he reaches over the island to wipe an eye crustie from Nick’s face. He hums in acknowledgement and continues shoveling cereal into his mouth.

“I have your phone password fuckass, I do go through that shit,” Nick says it like it’s just talking about the weather and not his personal privacy. Clay doesn’t get angry and just watches Nick spill little droplets of milk on his shirt, *Clay’s shirt*, to be exact.

“Yeah, I’m supposed to meet him at the mall food court at one o’clock, or so he said,” Clay recites the knowledge like Nick didn’t read it himself. The younger alpha snorts and motions for Clay to spit out anything more on the subject.

“I’m gonna bring him a gift,” That makes Nicks’ eyes go wide in surprise, chest heaving from the gasp of cereal milk he inhales.

“You’re gonna what? Dude, get to know him before you start courting!” Nick says it like the statement itself is sacrilege. Giving an omega a gift on the first date? Only fated couples would do that, and nobody knows who their fucking fated mate is!

“I don’t know man! I just have the need to,” Clay pauses a second, blood draining from his face, “I have the need to provide for this random omega.”

Nick drops his now milkless bowl and stares at his best friend in shock. It goes against every instinct to provide for a stranger, especially a stranger of a lower dynamic. It isn’t very good survival practice to try and take care of everyone. People usually pick based on past relationship experience - like Nick and Clays’ friendship -, not on instinct. Needing to provide for someone on instinct is a reliable indicator of a deeper relationship to be had or has been had, like if someone was reborn.

All of this information seems to pass through both of their heads quickly, as Nick gets up from his chair and wraps his arms around the tall male.

“The only time people are true mates is when two people continuously meet and mate in each lifetime, you know that, yes?” Nick asks Clay, who nods in his arms. “The universe decides that two people belong together, yes?” Clay nods again.

“And you know that instinctively needing to provide is an amazing way to tell if someone has past life experiences together, you know that one, too, yeah?” Clay nods again, burying his face in the shorter mans’ chest. “You know what I’m trying to say here, yeah?”

The arms around Clay tighten, the rumbles coming from the blond mans’ chest vibrate through Nick. Clay is purring at the thought of this omega, which cements the thought in Nick’s head.

There is more to this relationship than two strangers.

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Waking up on the couch after a night of hormone-induced drinking is unpleasant as it sounds. The taste in George’s mouth is abhorrent and the curve of his spine has now been realigned.

Moving his body off of the couch elicits horrific popping from every bone, especially his

vertebrae. He moves as if his limbs were jello and he was just a little slime monster. Jiggling over to the bathroom, he violently brushes the taste from his mouth.

A look in the mirror shows dark bags and unruly hair, which George decides he needs to fix right that instant. He spits out the toothpaste and turns on the shower, waiting for it to heat up before disrobing in the cold bathroom.

When he spots steam, he pulls the curtain back and steps in, backing away from the stream slightly at the heat. He reaches his arm through the water and turns it down, stepping fully into the stream when it reaches an acceptable temperature.

He washes his hair with the fancy shampoo he bought on a whim and scrubs his body till the top layer of his skin washes down the drain.

A lengthy shower process later when he feels as close to clean as he can get, he steps out. He wraps a towel around his torso and rubs one through his hair, scratching deep at the itch behind his ear. The second towel is used to pat dry his now hairless body - not hairless for the alpha, surely not - soaking up every visible drop of water on his form.

Nothing can stop the freezing blast of air that forces his nipples to a point and dick to shrivel impossibly small when he steps from the humid air of the bathroom. George dresses but keeps the towel wrapped around his hair to absorb stray moisture before he goes to blow it dry.

The outfit now adorning his body is a pair of baggy skater cargo pants and a loose blue sweater, appropriate for the weather outside. Despite Floridan winters being mild compared to the freezing air of England, he still feels unnaturally cold. Maybe it's the pale skin, maybe it's the fact that omegas run cold while alphas run hot in order to reach a perfect thermodynamic equilibrium, who knows.

He shakes the thought from his mind and moves back to the bathroom to blow dry his now slightly damp hair.

One agonizingly loud process later and his poofy hair is accompanied by the outfit that swallows him whole. He throws on some accentuating makeup - not for the alpha to think he has better features for breeding, nope - and slips on some platform-like black vans.

Throwing himself one last look in the mirror, he slips his keys and other nefarious items into his pockets before leaving the apartment for good. Time to face the alpha.

*

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Clay's eyes scan through the crowd at the food court, tall figure searching for the petite omega he knows to be his 'fated'. His hands slip into the pockets of his red hoodie, anxiously fiddling to ground himself. He reaches into the back pocket of his jeans to check the time again.

12:56pm.

The ragged sketchers on his feet strain as he pushes himself onto his tippy toes once again, eyes seeking purchase for the man he saved.

The smell of the male hits him before he can see him.

Honeyed apples and clean vanilla blind his eyes, nose inhaling deeply as the damn near

aphrodisiac-like scent coming from near the entrance. One swivel of his head and Clay can see the omega standing there, searching for the alpha. Their eyes meet and Clay swears he goes feral.

The smile that lights up the face of the brunette could melt iron and Clay decides it's worth fighting the stars to keep that smile on his face.

George makes his way to Clay smoothly, slipping through the crowd like sand through children's fingers. He stops in front of the alpha, avoiding his green eyes like they sting.

"Hi," Clay forgot about the british accent.

"Hello," George forgot about the silkiness.

Clay pulls the chair for George to sit in before taking his own, scrunching his legs up as a courtesy for his fated-but-only-suspected mate. The alpha pulls out a gift for the male, setting it gently on the table and scooting it towards the shorter man. He preens when the omega accepts it, looking in and finding a hoodie of Clay's sitting at the bottom.

A gift of a personal scent bearing item on the first real meeting? George is in for a ride.

Chapter End Notes

[my twitter lovelies](#)

i figured out how to embed links

self restraint blankets

Chapter Summary

the boys meet and maybe uhhhh ;)

Chapter Notes

IM SO SORRY THIS IS 3 DAYS AGHHGHG

ive been so busy not pog

follow my twitter at the bottom youll get updates about the updates 2k chapter pog?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay rubs the back of his neck bashfully, immediately rethinking his entire life. This poor omega doesn't understand what's going on, and is probably calling the police under the table. Oh fuck, it's all over, he's going to be thrown in jail and labelled a-

"I love it, thank you," George says, slipping the fabric from the bag and over his head. The sleeves bunch at the hands and he absolutely drowns in the fabric and the scent, being coated in everything that screams Clay.

Said alpha stops functioning and stares, releasing a pleased scent and rumble, gazing at the small man. George purrs instinctively in response, staring just as intently back. He soon catches his purr as Clay catches his rumble.

George's eyes go wide, mouth open into the perfect 'O' shape, plump lips curving to fit the letter.

"Oh, my, fuck. You- you're - you're my?" Clay nods at George's stuttering, face flushing red with confirmation. Seems like George just realised the predicament they're in.

"Fuck, no offense to you Clay, but this isn't what I wanted yet," Clay looks on the verge of tears at that, to which George resumes his purr in comfort and grabs his hands, "I wanted to court you first so I could get to know you, not be forced into this. The issue isn't my mating you Clay, I've been thinking about it all day, it's my lack of choice. Understand?" His british vowels wrap around the words, though don't soften the blow.

God, what was Clay thinking? That everything was going to be perfect just because they're fated, that George wanted him too? How could he be such a fool, ready to jump into a lifelong relationship with a man he met on the bus?

"Listen, alpha, this isn't the place to talk about this. Let's go back to my apartment and I'll give you a drink and we'll figure this out, yeah?" Clay beams at George's words, eye bright and gleaming. An omega, the one he knows is *his*, has invited him into his nest after accepting his gift? The alpha might bust with pride.

“Yeah, okay, I’ll order us some food and we can talk business?” He says, offering his hand to George to take, waiting patiently for his response. George takes the hand and lets Clay pull him from the seat, then slips his fingers into the alpha’s and doesn’t let go.

For protection, he thinks, it’s hard being a small omega.

Clay leads them to his car, one he doesn’t often use. Public transportation is usually easier in such a metro area, though Clay needs to have alone time with George.

Clay almost cries with pride when George doesn’t hesitate to step into his vehicle. George trusts him that much already? The air smells of beachy waves and swishing palm trees, Clay’s happy scent soaking everything around him.

He steps into the car, bringing his scent with him, to which he is met with the ferocity of the omegas’ own sweet apples and striking vanilla. One sniff proves Clay’s theory: George smells amazing when he smells like the alpha.

The drive to George’s apartment and almost concerning for the omega. Clay didn’t even need his address to find the best way to get there. George should be worried, though he is only touched that the alpha remembered.

They arrive swiftly, Clay rushing to open the omegas’ door and hold his hand out. *Is he preening? What a silly alpha*, George thinks, letting himself be pulled along by Clay. When they reach the steps of the building the blond stops and lets George take over.

The freshly cleaned apartment pleases Clay subconsciously, primal brain ecstatic at the thought of the omega making such a pretty nest. The brunette leads him to the couch and tells him to sit, going to make drinks quickly. The alpha looks like a long island iced tea kind of guy, and George needs him to be on the drunker side quicker. Makes the talking much more honest.

After mixing drinks he returns to the couch, handing the alpha his tea. Their fingers brush and he feels like a teenager as sparks roll through him. He had thought the electricity from last time was because he had been in heat, not because they were fated.

George sits on the opposite side of the couch, trying desperately not to get close. Not sure what he’ll do with proximity, though he just now realised that he had invited an alpha, *his alpha*, into his nest, which he had specifically cleaned just for him.

Oh god, why can’t George think?

“So, uh, what colour is this hoodie?” No, stupid, don’t bring up your flaws when he’s literally in your home. The omega scolds himself but goes on, the words can’t be taken back.

“You can’t see colour?” Clay asks, genuinely surprised though his face doesn’t scream pity like it should. Instead, he looks... proud?

“No, I can’t. I can’t see red and greens, so my favourite colour is blue,” He says, lifting the alphas hoodie to reveal the blue sweater underneath. He also motions to the blue and yellow decor filling the apartment.

“Wow, you’re so cool!” That reaction is not one George has ever heard before, “You must be hella tough then!” George flushes bright red and buries his head in the sleeves of Clay’s hoodie. Big mistake as he inhales, lungs filling with his intoxicating scent.

George remains silent, to which Clay scoots closer. He presses his hand to George's forehead and reels back.

"You're burning!" Clay takes the omega's face into his hands and looks him into the heterochromatic eyes, golden eyes glaring into his own, "Unless, it's something else?" George frantically nods at that.

Clay releases his face and backs away, folding his hands into his lap.

"The hoodie is green. We should talk about this." Fuck, George was trying to forget.

"It's obvious we're fated mates, we wouldn't react like this if we weren't," Clay takes the lead, much to George's relief. "You accepted my courting gift, I hope you realise that."

George nods and buries his face in said courting gift, causing Clay to stir in the spot. Fuck, George has no idea what being buried in his scent and clothing does to the alpha.

The omega pulls himself from his scent-addled stupor and opens his mouth to respond.

"I did realise, that's why I accepted it," George says it like it's an obvious fact. The omega disappears into his room and brings back a small bag, which he thrusts into the alpha's lap. Clay looks at him for permission to open it, to which George nods.

Inside is a blanket, one from George's nest that he cares deeply for. He figures, *Hey, if we're fated might as well go all in.*

Clay beams at the gift and pulls it out and over his body, lathering the beautiful scent all over himself. He snuggled into the blanket and tucks it up under his neck, crossing his legs to fit all of his lanky body inside.

"Seems as though you reciprocate my courting?" Clay asks, smirk evident on his stupid blond face. George curtly nods and pulls the hood over his head, hiding his face like he did that day on the bus. Red rushes to his face, igniting the freckled features with blood.

Fuck, Clay did not mean to think about that day on the bus, especially not in the omega's apartment, who is currently accepting his courting- fucking hell.

The already tense air floods with soft beach sands and lingering palm trees, coating every surface in a palpable layer of his pheromones. George takes notice of the change in the atmosphere and releases his own caramel apples and sharp vanilla to rise against Clay's scent.

George giggles at the strangeness of the situation, breaking the tension and causing Clay to wheeze out a laugh too.

"God, I cannot believe this is happening," Clay says between wheezes and rubbing his eyes of tears. "Nick is gonna be so pissed."

"Yeah, I know. Wilbur isn't gonna be happy either," The syllables are twisted with the accent, but not so much that it throws the younger alpha off.

"Wilbur?"

"Nick?"

They ask at the same time, igniting another round of laughs. Clay motions for George to explain first.

“Wilbur is my older brother, I told him about you,” Clay blushes at his words. “He wanted to meet the alpha that ‘saved me’, but now he’s definitely going to fly out here to meet you!” He says it with an exasperated sigh.

“I’ll have to meet him then. Nick is my pack mate,” Clay says, pulling down the blanket and collar of his shirt to reveal Nicks’ faint teeth marks on the left side of his neck. “Guess we both have omega’s that need to be introduced to the pack.”

The older male hides his face in the hood, trying to crawl away from the meaning those words held. Clay is in a pack, and George will have to join because that’s what omegas do for their alphas. Oh god, *my alpha*? George might as well be fated to two people, with his alpha being in a pack.

“You’re the head right?” He asks, popping his face from the cave of Clays’ hoodie.

“Yeah, how’d you know?” Clay runs his hand through his hair, turning his face away bashfully.

“You just have the energy of a head alpha,” George says, completely unaware of what those words do to the alpha in question.

Clay whips his back to the omega, face growing darker and air changing yet again. The room shifts into something heavy and stirred on by the alpha. His omega thinks he’s a capable alpha, one who he thinks can run a pack? How is a man supposed to let that one go?

“You think I can provide for a pack?” The words are loaded with a double meaning, one George catches onto quickly. He fights back against the flip in the atmosphere, flooding the room with his own scent to clear out Clays.

“I think you can provide for a pack, especially one filled with pups. You seem like the type to be a good alpha for pups.” George knows exactly what he’s doing, pushing all the buttons of this alpha.

Clay groans and shifts under the blanket, face filling with blood, turning impossibly redder. He stays sitting, not moving at all. Fists clench tightly under the comfy object, teeth grinding into nubs with restraint. The alpha isn’t moving until his omega says so.

George continues egging on the alpha, pushing him to the edge to see how long it takes to topple him over.

“Bet you’d made the prettiest pups, be the best alpha dad you could be. You’d raise amazing litters,” George’s head rushes, power trip fueling this new found confidence. Yet the alpha doesn’t move.

The omega knows what he’s doing to the alpha, he has to. He still doesn’t move, instead breathing deep and tightening his lips into a thin line. Not until the older male says so.

“Such beautiful pups you’d make, blond and green eyed. That tan skin, tall figure. You’d make such strong alphas,” George doesn’t make a move towards the alpha, instead throwing a rope and hoping he latches on like a dog. God, he’s towing a thin line.

“*Omega*,” Clay grits out, rumble deep in his chest. George tilts his head at that, eyes going wide

when he realizes. His neck is exposed to the alpha sitting across the couch, reminiscent of the time on the bus.

Oh no. Oh no, what has he started?

Chapter End Notes

[my twitter lovelies](#) pls follow i need to feel validated

as always comments and kudos are appreciated and fuel me ACCORDING TO AO3

STATISTICS - no im jk

im so sorry if there are any errors i needed to slam this out real fast

piles of clothes

Chapter Summary

they finally FINALLY frick
probably not what you guys wanted but eh

Chapter Notes

pls i really like the thought of dream being really human-like when people dont expect him to be. i always see fics where hes a superhuman godly buff man but like,,, he is not. that man is achingly human

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Omega, do you want whatever this,” Clay motions his hands to the tense air, “is?”

George nods tentatively, eyes downcast in his lap and fiddling with the hoodie sleeves.

“Words, omega, I need them.” George tenses up at his commanding words.

“Yes, alpha.” Oh no.

Clay emerges from under the blanket, fists clenched and rising to his full height. He towers over the sitting omega, stalking closer with slow steps, allowing time for the omega to opt out. No such words come from George.

Once he reaches the edge of the couch where George sits, he stops and stares down at him, green eyes boring into heterochromatic eyes.

“One last check, do you want this?” Clay asks, nails digging into his palms with the effort of standing there.

George tilts his neck. “Please, alpha.”

Immediately Clay lunges on top of the shorter male, smashing their lips together with enough fervor to tilt the couch back. The alpha runs his hands through George’s hair, tugging his fingers through the tangled strands. George keens and leans back into the pull, breaking the kiss and allowing access to his neck.

Clay freezes up and jumps off of George, pants growing visibly tighter. “Where is your collar, I don’t want to bite you yet,” He gasps, face red and shoulders trembling with effort to stay still. “Do you have any knotable condoms? Can’t have pups yet, mamas.”

“Uh -buh, yeah, first door on the right in the top left drawer near the bed,” George sputters, not trusting his legs to retrieve the items himself. He watches the alpha basically sprint to the room before calling out, “I don’t have any knotable condoms!”

An audible groan emerges from his room, followed by a pretty blue collar. In the alphas' large tan hand, the collar looks delicate. Just imagine if that had was around his throat, pushing lightly and restricting his blood flow- fuck he needed to be railed by this alpha, *right now*.

"Fuck, okay. I'll be right back, I need to get those," Clay said, dropping the collar near the omega and going to slip on his shoes. George lets out a pathetic whine, stopping the alpha in his stride.

He doesn't turn around, just opens the door with rickety movements. "I'll be back, omega." Then he's out the door.

He isn't gone for more than ten minutes, coming back through the door red faced and with a bag in hand. George writhes on the couch, hand in his pants and collar sitting pretty on his neck. He jumps up at the smell of his alpha, running to jump into his arms.

Clay catches him and brings him to the bedroom, closing the front door with his foot before walking to drop the smaller male. He leaves the bag near George, who takes a peek inside at the contents.

L Condoms with Knotable Capability

Walking back into the room after locking the front door, Clay spots the omega gaping at the box of condoms on the bed. He chuckles and stalks over, like a predator cornering prey. George scoots up on the bed, hoodie covering the hard-on he had been cultivating when the alpha was gone.

"Pretty pretty baby, so skittish. I'm not gonna hurt ya'," The words didn't sound completely honest, laced with an intention to do exactly what he said he wouldn't do. When Clays' knees hit the bed he crawled on top of the cowering man, covering his entire body with his giant form.

Clay sharply inhaled, nostrils flaring at the terrifyingly aroused scent emitting from the brunette on the bed. His hands caged the smaller man's head, one leg slipping between his thighs to rub up and down. He looked down in surprise at the sudden wetness near his knee, pants soaking with the excessive slick the omega was creating.

George was slicking. Out of heat. Fuck, that true mates shit is the real deal.

George attempts to close his legs, blocked only by the alphas thigh that's settled between said legs. The thigh that is now covered in his slick, soaked to the skin with his arousal. The omega closes his eyes, shutting the lids tight to avoid the embarrassment of the whole situation.

Clay suddenly backed off of his body, forcing Georges' lids open to peer slightly at the retreating alpha. He whined suddenly, throwing his clothed hands over his mouth to cover any more sounds.

"George," the blond sighs, adjusting his pants. "Do you want this?"

The older man sat up on his hands, pushing himself up so he sits cross legged near the headboard. He slips his clothed hands into his lap, fiddling with the loose sleeves of the alphas hoodie.

"Uh, I don't know. I'm nervous," He admitted, face down turned and completely red. Clay cooed at the smaller man, eyes filling with adoration for the nearly stranger of a man.

"It's alright, we don't have to," Clay said, adjusting his pants once again and backing farther from the omega.

"No, no! I want this, I'm- I'm just nervous," It felt wrong to admit he wanted something sexual with the alpha, his mothers voice filling his head with doubts. Omegas who have sex outside of

mating are sinful, lust is a disease.

Clays' hand startled him from his stupor, rough fingers rubbing his cheeks and pulling their faces closer. He lays a soft kiss on his lips, smile breaking on his face when he sees the surprised expression on the omega.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

It starts softer this time, less throwing-on-beds and pulling-at-clothes. Rather, Clay strips first, tossing his shirt to the side and crawling back to George near the headboard. He sits a couple inches from his crossed legs, hands reaching to tug at the hem of the hoodie. The blond waits for permission to remove the article of clothing, only moving after receiving a nod from the omega.

He lifts the hoodie and blue sweater underneath off, dropping them unceremoniously off the bed side. They land with a soft whoosh, quiet sound furthering their peaceful atmosphere. Clay looks at George again, reaching for the waistband of his own jeans, waiting once more for permission to remove.

George nods, watching with rapt attention as Clay is left only in black boxers. There's a soft pudge on his stomach from slouching, lean body folding in comfortingly human ways. The hard-on through the underwear isn't as intimidating with Clay looking so startlingly normal in his bed.

The alpha points at Georges' pants, indicating that he would like to remove them. George does it himself, wiggling out of the pants and dropping them in the growing laundry pile. They're both left in boxers, sitting on the bed of Georges' Florida apartment, shivering slightly in the cool air.

As if they both have the same idea, they gravitate towards each other's source of warmth. Clay pulls George into his lap, sitting the omega a comfortable distance away from his dick. The slick staining the back of Georges' underwear touches the alphas thighs, shiny substance laying itself on the bare skin.

The omegas knees cage Clays' lower thighs, his arms wrap around the blond's neck while returning arms settle onto his waist.

"Hi," George says, face red and eyes staring directly into Clays'.

"Why hello there," Clay says back, cracking a Star Wars joke to break the tension. Both men laugh and shift into a comfortable atmosphere, George soothed by the alphas' ability to defuse.

Clay leans into the omegas face when the dust has settled and silence has enveloped them again, kissing his nose before moving around his face. The alpha peppers kisses on his eyelids, his cheeks, reaching up to his forehead and down to his chin before finally reaching his lips.

When they meet for a second time, the same sparks from the day of the bus incident return, lighting up both men with a warming fire. The usual electricity is culled into a soft warmth, urgency gone from their movements.

While George is distracted with kisses, Clay moves his body up in his lap, settling the shorter man onto his upper thighs instead of lower. They shift easily, lips remaining locked through the readjusting of positions. George starts to grind unconsciously on the lean man, hips moving slowly against hips.

The alpha grinds up in response, arms leaving his hips to settle on the boney ass of the omega. He

handles him softly, pulling the omega up the final few inches so their clothed cocks finally touch. George gasps lightly and Clay takes the opportunity to slip a tongue into his mouth, not demanding in its exploration but curious.

The slick leaking from the brunette stains now on the edge of Clays' boxers, air mixing their scents together beautifully. Sweet honey apples and clean vanilla on a Florida pier, with the palm trees swaying gently with the calm waves. It's like their scents were made to be together.

Hips moving on hips, mouths moving in tandem, hearts beating as one. Clay breaks their long kiss for air, staring into the heterochromatic eyes of his partner. He slips a finger into the waistband of Georges' boxers, waiting for an answer to his silent question.

George nods and feels Clay dip his hand into the back of his boxers, calloused hands gripping the sharp bones of his hips through the thin fat of his ass. The omega wants to shrivel away from the touch, insecure about the boney nature of his thin body. Clay seems to understand, massaging his ass lovingly.

The alphas fingers run lightly down to his asshole, growing wet with the excess slick being produced. He ghosts over the entrance, only pushing in lightly when he gets a nod from George. The hole is sopping wet and soft, loose with arousal and stretching from the day's previous heat.

Georges' collar jingles lightly as his head rests on Clays' shoulder, pushing back onto the intruding finger with soft back-thrusts. The alpha adds another finger, searching for the special spot within the omega while stretching him. When Georges' body tenses and stills, Clay knows he's found it.

He pushes on his and feels George muffle a sound in the skin of his shoulder, skin vibrating with the omegas sounds. Clay adds a third and final finger, intruding into the soft hole and stretching George to avoid hurt.

There's a dainty scratching of nails on his shoulder blades, dull nails digging into skin with pleasure. Clay shivers and pulls out his fingers, forcing a soft whine from Georges' throat.

"Alpha, don't stop.." A pout paints the omegas lips, eyes glossy with happy tears as he pulls from Clays' shoulder to meet his eyes. The alpha uses a clean hand to wipe his tears, kissing the trails with feather-light touches of lips.

He pulls George off his lap gently, pulling off his tented boxers and reaching for the box of condoms. The smaller man gapes at the revealed length, staring at the surprising prettiness of it. It's flushed a deep red with blood, curved to the left slightly and dusted lightly with freckles. *Does he go to a nude beach to get freckles there?* George thinks as his eyes travel to the neatly trimmed blond hair resting at the bottom.

Clay slips on a condom, flushing red all over at the intense stare. His body folds down a little, tummy softly wrinkling from poor posture. Only after a light motion to Georges' own boxers does he remember to take them off.

When the offending article is on the ground with its brethren, Clay pulls the older man into his lap again, settling their cocks together. George gasps at the sudden movement and touch on his hard-on, ass freely leaking slick without the restraint of boxers.

The alpha kisses around the collar, trailing up to his ear and nibbling on the lobe.

"Can I?" He asks, breath hitting directly on the ear and words penetrating his brain.

"Yeah, you can." George settles his cheek on top of the alphas head, keeping his face smothered

into the crevice of his clothed neck.

Clay doesn't seem to mind, moving them so that George is lifted up with strong hands and the tip of his covered dick is lined with the loose hole.

He pushes in when he lowers the man, letting the omega set the pace on top. It takes a few minutes for their hips to flush together, George sinking slowly onto the length.

There's a strong grip at his hips, fingers flexing with the effort to stay still inside the omega. George finally moves his cheek from Clays' head, bringing their lips together easily and nodding at the alpha.

Suddenly, large hands lift his body before letting go, letting gravity drop the man back down. Clay bites his lip, groan building in his throat and shoulders trembling to keep the omega on top.

The omega takes over, lifting his own hips with his thigh strength before sinking down once more, starting a medium pace. Clay catches on to the tempo, hands helping guide the omega with their strength to avoid stress on his thighs.

When that spot is hit, George cries out and settles into his lap, grinding down to rub against the spot again.

"Fuck sorry," Are the only words George hears before his body is manhandled up and slammed back down, faster pace startling the brunette.

George lets it happen, alpha surprisingly attuned to the omegas' body, angling his hips to nudge the spot with every thrust. Soon they're both a moaning mess, bodies entwined and souls coming together like the universe intended.

Clays' knot swells at the base, catching on Georges' rim with every bottoming out. The sudden stimulation on his rim catapults him to pleasure, cock twitching with the cum boiling inside.

"Sorry, sorry, gonna knot," Clay says before one last decisive slam, locking the knot in place and grinding up into the condom. He reaches for the omegas cock and jerks it till cum pants their stomachs and the only sounds left are pants.

George returns to his body a few minutes later, head lolling onto the alphas shoulder, viewing the bite mark of his pack mate.

"You're gonna have to introduce me to him," He mumbles, words slurred and muffled by Clays' shoulder, though the alpha seems to understand.

"Yeah, after we talk a little more about this," Clay chuckles before carefully moving their tied bodies to a lying position, jostling the knot and spurting an extra bit of cum from Georges' cock.

"Whatever you say, alpha," Are Georges' last words before falling asleep in the arms of his fated with a comfortable weight in his back.

Chapter End Notes

[my twitter come yell at me](#) come scream at me for not posting it gives me motivation

pulling back the shower curtain to see you

Chapter Summary

the boys have a nice after sex shower with lots of love
oh nick calls

Chapter Notes

fanart and fan-made spinoffs are so appreciated and wanted pls link me using my
twitter
this is surprisingly 2k words? doesnt feel like it at all

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George awoke when the weight in his behind had lifted and caught Clay in the middle of pulling out, sleepy eyes opening to the alpha and observing him wiggling the rest of his deflated knot out of his hole. Clay smiles when he sees George opening his eyes, bringing his large tan hands to rub the small sleep crusties away.

“Good morning, it’s been about 45 minutes,” His hand runs through his hair, resting on the back bashfully. “My knot really didn’t wanna let you go.”

A groan sounds from Georges’ throat, head flopping back into the pillow, breaking his gaze with the alpha. He hears a chuckle and feels the bed shift as Clay rolls off, footsteps thumping softly on the rug as he walks to tie and dump the full condom.

The bedroom door opens as Clay searches for a trash can, feet switching floors from wood to rug and the sounds changing with them. He comes back condomless and covered in goosebumps, naked body basically launching into the warm embrace of the covers and George once he returned.

George turned and snuggled his face into Clays’ chest, nose smushed into the soft meat of his pectoral muscle, warm breath fanning onto his nipple, forcing the pink bump to rise. Lean arms wrapped around the omega, strength pulling them into a half-sitting position with Clays’ back resting on the headboard and George resting on his chest.

“So..” Clay trails, voice hesitant and scared. “We’re courting but we’ve done this all out of order, ya’ know- fucking and all.” He says it with a chuckle and it vibrates pleasantly under Georges’ cheek.

“Well, introduce me to your packmate and take me on a date. We don’t have to do this traditionally,” George says, british vowels wrapping around comforting words, soothing Clays’ anxiety.

“Yeah, okay. His name is Nick and he’s got an omega that I have to meet so maybe we’ll do a double date?” Clay lays the idea and lets it sit in the air, waiting for George to absorb the words.

“Okay.” George lays his head back into Clays’ chest and closes his eyes again.

“That’s it?” Clay asks, leaning his neck down to peer at the omega.

“Yup, that’s it.” His British accent makes the words sound so mean. Clay releases a sad scent, which is battled by Georges’ comforting one. The alpha moves suddenly, throwing off the covers and thrusting their naked bodies into the freezing air.

Strong arms wrap around Georges’ form, tightening and throwing the omega over his shoulder with a yelp. His pale ass rests near Clays’ cheek, skinny legs flailing to find purchase in air.

“Clay! What are you doing!” Though the words are supposed to be aggressive, George doesn’t make a move to be set down.

“We need to shower, you’re covered in slick and honestly? I don’t think you can walk,” His words are smug and filled with pride, causing Georges’ upper body and face to flush. He wants to disagree, fight back, but Clay isn’t wrong.

George lets himself be carried through the chilly apartment and into the bathroom, to be set on the skin and miss the warm embrace of Clays’ arms. He watches the alpha walk away, eying his ass as it bends to turn on the shower. The younger man's head just barely scrapes the ceiling of the shower, the water only reaching to his chest comfortably.

Clay waits for the water to heat and returns to the omega on the sink, resting his body between the spread legs of the man. The sexually charged air is broken with Clay’s soft kisses, lips catching lips lovingly while the water heats.

The alpha smiles into the kiss, breaking it for a second before George rushes to recapture his lips. They battle now, Clay prevailing with a quick bite to his bottom lip. It’s only when the bathroom fills with steam do they part for air, Georges’ arms wrapping on the alphas’ neck to be picked up.

Clay wraps his hands around the smaller man's thighs and hoists him onto his hip like a toddler, pulling the shower curtain aside and stepping into the water. George relaxes into the warmth of the spray and the comfort of the embrace, letting Clay decide the pace for this shower.

The pace is set when Clay reaches for the bath puff and layering it with Old Spice soap, rubbing the item over the exposed skin that he can reach. Clay taps onto the older man's hip, indicating the coming drop, though it doesn’t prepare George for the stress of standing on his jell-o legs.

He rests heavily on Clay, only moving to allow easier access to parts of his body to clean. With his eyes closed, George doesn’t expect the kisses peppered on his skin after each swipe of the bath puff.

The omega melts into the caressing touch, pecks pressed on clean skin, marking the map of his soft pale body. Soap swirls down the drain, water pelting on the pair with a relaxing embrace. Eventually, the treatment stops as Clay switches to shampoo. He sits George down, settling behind him to rub Head&Shoulders into soft brown locks.

Long fingers scratch at a sensitive scalp, rumbling purr sounding from George as he leans into the touch. A matching purr from Clay and the bathroom is filled with contented sounds and smells, loving air thick from the boys rumbles.

Clay pushes George directly under the water from their sitting position, using the time it takes to rinse to quickly wash his own hair. George turns to give Clay a kiss and laughs at the ridiculous look of his soapy fated.

“Oh my god, you look so enamoured, hold on,” He says, turning in the embrace to face Clay head on. His lanky arms reach up and rearrange the soapy hair, turning the hair dark with water and soap into a mohawk. George laughs and Clay smiles, pulling the omega into a hug. Their chests are pressed together under the spray, rinsing the mohawk from his blond hair.

If Clay could describe this moment, he would. Georges’ gleaming grin and soapy skin, water shining on the surface of his body, lighting up the droplets with the reflection of miniscule bath light.

The alpha is brought back to reality when shampoo enters his eye and he screeches for help.

“Fuck, George! How could you let it get into my eye?” His yelps of pain filter through Georges’ hysterical laughs, the pair moving so Clay can look directly into the water. With frantic rubbing and harsh blinking, the sting subsides. The laugh that accompanied the sting does not.

“I’m so sorry!” The words are said through hiccups, “I didn’t realize!”

Clay pouts and rubs his eye again, shampoo having washed from his hair when he stepped under the spray. His face relaxes and he rinses their bodies off one last time, turning the shower off.

“It’s okay,” He grabs their different towels, first using Georges’ to dry the elder himself. Small sounds of resistance are killed when George attempts to stand on his own. He lets himself be toweled off, sitting on the seat of the toilet to watch the alpha next.

With an audience to view him, Clay makes a show of drying off. The towel starts at his shoulders, moving slowly down the lean muscles to his nipples. He tweaks them a little bit, earning a laugh from George. Act Two of the scene, Clay lets the towel hang limply on his dick, the only covering for the organ being held up by the organ itself.

Only with another swipe of the cloth does he turn around, bending over and comically drying his ass, though the bathroom is devoid of laughs. The alpha turns around to check on the elder, only to find his eyes wide and cheeks flushed.

“George..” His voice is soft. “Did you get hard?”

Said omega covers his face and nods his head, water running down his back with the movements. He shivers, and Clay takes hold of his face through his hands.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to tease you.” Kisses pepper the exposed skin.

There’s a rustle of fabric and George peaks through his fingers to find the small towel wrapped around his waist and a hand waiting to be taken. He reveals his burning face to take the offered appendage, allowing his frail body to be pulled up into the embrace of the tall man. Skin melds with skin and all is well.

Their spell is broken when a phone rings somewhere inside the house. They both sigh and set to find the ringing noise.

Clay finds it in the bedroom in the laundry heap, revealing the screen to both males. It reads, *Nick the Dick*. George giggles and motions for him to answer it.

“What’d’ya want, fuck face?” He answers, slurring his words and surprising the omega with his tone.

“Good morning, stupid whore. Spent the whole time getting fucked while I was worried about if

you were alive or not! I mean, of course I knew cuz of the whole - you know - pack thing? Whatever, you get the point, you stupid fucking nimrod!” Nicks’ voice sounds through the shitty speakers of his phone, filling the bedroom with the long-winded yet short spoken rant.

“Hi, I’m the one the stupid whore banged,” George says before Clay can object, british words sounding while Clays’ eye grew wide.

“George!” The blond exclaimed, covering the microphone of his phone. He sent George a glare and was met with a laugh.

“There’s the lucky boy that my personal brain anti-wrinkle cream has been talking ‘bout!” Nicks’ words are muffled through Clays’ skin, though still heard.

“Oh fuck off, shit-for-brains, I’ll fuckin’ kick your grimy hairy little ass!” The alphas face turns red and veins pop with the anger and effort of that sentence.

“Hey, I’m still here?” A tentative word.

“We know, George.” Both men say at the same time. Chills crawl up Georges’ back, threading his skin with goosebumps.

“God, pack mates are weird. He’s all yours Nickie, I’m kicking him out anyways.” His aloof words are said as he walks toward the bed, legs wobbling with the effort to walk correctly.

“That isn’t what you said when you were squirming in my lap-” Clay laughs, evil grin shining on his freckled face.

“Clay!” George whips around to see Clay snickering and taking another breath.

“You shoulda heard him, Sap, he was a crying mess in my arms-” The sentence is cut off.

“Stop it!” The omega shrieks, attempting to lunge for the phone but legs failing him. Clay drops the object and catches the falling male, deep thump sounding through the room.

“I’m not gonna ask what that sound was,” Nick breaks the silence with a laugh. “Just think about coming home yeah? I need you to meet Karl.”

“Oh! Speaking of,” Clay sets George on the messy bed. “I was thinking, maybe a double date? Introduce us all to each other?” His words are tentative, like he’s really scared of a rejection.

“Yeah, cuz I need to be introduced to you again,” Nick chuckles through the shitty speakers. “Sure, just tell me when and I’ll tell him.”

Clay releases a breath and looks to George with hope in his eyes, to which George nods.

“He said yes, so I’ll set up a place. Bye now hobgoblin, I have an omega to attend to.” Clay only listens for a second after to hear Nick’s response.

“Bye human embodiment of malaria!” And another soft ‘Bye honker!’ in the background.

[my twitter again](#) hi im back sorry i took a little weekend break
uh obvi double date here soon
please leave comments and kudos they make me feel so good

scraping metal chairs

Chapter Summary

this was so difficult to write and i feel like it is absolutely terrible
all the boys go on a double date for the first time
this was written while listening to daft punk during my first hour when i got approx 2
hours of sleep the night before and it has not been beta'd or even proof read so it is
absolutely incomprehensible
i have been informed that is not where the beatles are from and honestly? its funnier to
not change it

Chapter Notes

i love joking about if dreamnap will become cannon in this fic
sorry i love stupid modern restaurants with dumb food names
this doesnt feel like 2k words it feels like 400 and i am so sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After hanging up, Clay plonked down on the bed and put his head in his hands. George scoots over and wraps an arm around Clay, snuggling his face into the crook of Clays' neck. With an inquisitive purr, George waits for an answer in comfortable silence.

"It stresses me out to think of Nick, I don't know," He sighs and leans into the arm around him, cheek resting on the omega man's head. "Rejecting you? I know he won't, and he can't disagree if I accept you into the pack, it's just-" His chest racks with another heavy sigh.

"It'll be okay, he sounds like he's eager to meet me," George whispers in the skin of Clays' neck. "Let's get back to your place so you can get ready and go meet them yeah?"

A short trip back to Clays' house on the bus, the same bus that they met on, and George is sitting on the couch, waiting for Clay to emerge from his room in a new outfit. They had showered so Clay skipped that step, instead just emerging from his room in black cargo pants and a gray tank top, the two articles of clothing from opposing seasons but clashing perfectly.

All George can do is stare at the lean arms of the tan man, watching the way the dark pants hug his legs and shapely ass. Why did the alpha have to get the absolute dumpy?

Clay whips his phone from one of the various pockets, each one seemingly their own dimension as Clay pulls out chapstick from another of the endless pockets. With one tan hand, he texts Nick a location for the date and with the other hand opens and applies chapstick in a practiced motion. George watches the movements with rapt attention, eyes following the flick of his fingers as he smoothes the substance over pinkish lips.

Noticing his audience, he adds another layer with slow movement, letting the oils slick and shine his lips. He pops his mouth and slips the chapstick back into one of the pockets, Georges' eyes

now glued to the shine of his mouth.

Clay smiles and watches the stare trace the shift, baring his slightly yellow teeth, stained from coffee and canines glinting smugly in the living room lighting.

“Having fun there?” The alpha asks, stupid smug smile lighting up his face in amusement. George is startled from the object of his fixation and looks up into the presumably green eyes.

“A blast.” He responds, his own smug smile finding its way onto his face.

The pair laugh and the odd tension breaks just like that. George lifts from the couch to meet Clay halfway through his stride, hooking his arm through the taller mans and allowing himself to be pulled to the front door.

“Ready to go, my liege?”

“Absolutely, my fine knight.”

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They arrive at a modern looking restaurant, the light wood of the doors complimenting the harsh concrete angles of the inside. Outside sits Nick and an omega, presumably Karl, who rises to meet the pair approaching.

“Dickie!” Clay calls, wrapping his arms around the younger alpha, rubbing their packed scent glands together in greeting.

“Clay, we just saw each other, you’re being rude to Karl.” At the mention of his name, the omega perks up from beside the shorter alpha. Clay backs off with one last claim and turns to the omega, who seems to be taller than Nick.

“Hi! I’m Karl!” The omega - Karl - offers his hand to be shaken, only to be enveloped into a hug by the blond man. From beside the hugging pair, both of the left out men bristle in their stances. This seems to remind them of the others' presence.

“Hi, George, right?” Nick asks, though George can only smell his alpha and comfort radiating from the new alpha.

“Yeah, Nick?” George is met with a nod and the two shake hands, turning to find Clay releasing Karl from the embrace.

“I like this one!” Clay says, returning to Georges’ side and rubbing his neck onto the top of the dark hair to soothe the agitation. “Didn’t take you as jealous.” Clay whispers into his scalp, receiving a harsh elbow in response.

He backs off with his hands up in submission, ignoring Nicks’ sharp laugh and Karls’ muffled snort.

“Shall we?” Clay asks the group, motioning to the doors before grabbing Georges’ hand and tugging the shorter male into his side. The blond alpha watches his pack mate do the same to his omega, opening the door for the pack alpha and soon-to-be head pack omega.

The couples are seated soon, modern chairs with V-shaped metal legs scraping against the concrete ground as they sit, wood table filling with eager elbows. Once the process of getting comfortable

finishes, the group is covered by awkward silence.

Bravely, Karl breaks the silence. "So, you're the head alpha Nick never shuts up about! Almost considered having you two mate with how much he talks about you!" His nasally voice jokes, causing a table-wide relaxing of shoulders.

"Well I'd hope he'd like me, we're packed for life!" Clay jokes back, resting his hand on Georges' bouncing leg in the meantime. His thumbs massage smoothly in an effort to alleviate the growing anxiety. Alternative music fills the silence after that, menus dropped off by an enthusiastic beta waitress. The group seems to busy themselves with the menu, pointedly avoiding the appetizer talk.

Nick, the ever brash soul, breaks the silence this time. "I want whatever these *Backbreaker Bbq Nachos* are, wanna share 'em?" His statement lacks class and the appropriate tone for the delicate atmosphere they've been sharing. The alpha inhales sharply when Karl steps on his foot.

"Yeah, sure." George says this time, having been the first time he's spoken in front of them all. Karls' eyes seem to light up at the sound of his voice.

"You're British!" He exclaims, laugh joining his excited words and hands clapping happily. The enthusiasm throws George off kilter.

"From Manchester, home of the Beatles.." His voice trails out like the topic makes him uncomfortable, and Clay picks up that thinking about home probably does just that.

"Uh, Karl! Where are you from?" Clay interrupts whatever stream of questions was going to fall from his hoodie-clad form. Thinking about the omegas attire, is that one of Nicks' hoodies? More accurately, a hoodie Nick stole from Clay and is now being worn by a different omega than George? The thought doesn't sit right, though it's pushed to the back of his mind. It's not like Karl did it on purpose.

"Oh, Virginia, actually. Came to Florida because something just- just told me to, ya know? Does that make sense?" His loud voice quieter now, like the topic is something unknown even by the speaker.

"Yeah, I know exactly what you're talking about." Clay responds, though distantly thinks that the pair is probably true mates like they are, though both men seem too dumb to figure it out themselves. The blond leaves it.

Whatever conversation is interrupted by the same beta waitress, back to take drink orders and food orders. Clay orders the nachos and something called a *Eighth Wonder Burger* along with a lemonade. Seemingly American order. The other two Americans order similarly, leaving George to be the odd one out.

"I'll take uh- your eggs and sausage with a biscuit instead of toast?" He asks the waitress more than orders, shying away from the looks he's receiving from the American crew. She nods and takes their menus, leaving to presumably put their orders in.

"George, it's like, seven at night?" Clay asks the question that the other men seemingly wanted to ask.

"I just don't like American dinner foods- too greasy," He makes a face at the thought and tries his best to ignore the incredulous stares.

With that conversation moved on from but not forgotten, the table is filled with idle chatter until the food comes. From then, it's an unspoken competition between the three American men to get

George to eat as much 'greasy American food' as possible.

He only seems to catch on when it's Karl offering a piece of his ribs.

"Guys, stop, I won't be able to finish my food," The oldest says, declining the barbeque soaked meat that was plopped onto the side of his plate. Every American mouth turns to an evil grin, teeth showing in a way that is more appropriate for sharks smelling blood.

"Oh but Georgie," Clay tuts and the nickname unfortunately makes George blush. "You enjoy it right?"

George seems to go even more red at the realization that yes, he did actually like the food he had been fed. Though he does not go down with a fight.

"I liked being fed, sure, especially by what seems to be the formings of a pack-" Those words make all the men there sit up a little straighter because, yeah, *George is right*. They all fit well together like a pack should. "But, the food isn't the part I like." The rest of his statement brings the makeshift pack back onto the topic at hand.

"Hmmm-" George banks on the fact that Clay shouldn't know his tells when he's lying yet. He loses this mental bet with himself and the universe. "You're lying!" Clay sounds smug when he says it and reaches for Georges' ear, pulling on the cartilage lightly. He leans in and whispers in the held appendage.

"Your ears lit up when you lied when you were on my lap, telling me you didn't want it any harder." The flash of his shark smile is heard through his words instead of seen and George lights up like a christmas tree, suddenly getting out of his seat with a loud scratch of the chair legs.

"I'm going to the bathroom!" The brunette omega exclaims before hastily retreating to the direction that says 'BATHROOM'. His hurried steps are followed by tea-kettle laughter and another soft scraping of a chair, louder and larger footfalls gaining on him as he makes a break for the bathroom.

The dull clasp of the door shutting barely has time to fully latch before it's being pulled open again, and the blond is entering into the male restroom behind his retreating omega.

"George?" His words are tentative and searching, apologetic and scared. He sounds genuinely nervous that he fucked up.

"In here!" The omega calls from the first stall on the left, though keeps the door locked and the alpha out. He watches as feet shuffle to stand in front of the stall.

"I didn't mean to get you worked up back there, or scare you, or do whatever I did- fuck I'm sorry." The blond's voice only sounded this soft and nervous when he worried about hurting George in their passion.

"You didn't do anything really wrong," Assuring his alpha from inside a stall seems like exactly against the point, so he unlocks the door and steps out to be immediately enveloped in warm arms.

"Don't make me think I hurt you, I don't like it at all." The alpha murmurs into the top of the smaller man's head, dark strains vibrating and shining with the warm wet breath of the blond.

"You didn't do anything wrong, alpha." The honourific soothes something primal in the lean man. "I just didn't know how to react. I'm so-" His apology stops when met with a kiss.

“Don’t apologize,” Clay grins when he pulls away to see the dazed face of his omega. “When are you gonna get used to that? Or are you gonna freeze every time I kiss you?”

“Fuck off,” George says though doesn’t mean it, and pushes on his tippy toes to meet Clay again.

“Let’s fuck off back to the table, yeah?” A hand is offered and swiftly taken.

“Yeah.” The omega responds before letting himself be taken through the bathroom door and back to the table.

Chapter End Notes

[my twitter as always](#) i am so sorry this update took a week and is so terrible
comments and kudos fuel me into not wanting to abandon this fic so keep em coming
also do i make a quick DBH AU where george is an abused droid whos owner
augmented him and dream took him in??

backseat of a strangers car

Chapter Summary

the boys talk some things out and dream has a bad memory
george and clay both confess somethings

Chapter Notes

why god is this so short i hate it i hate it i HATE IT
uh i actually proofread this one so there shouldnt be many grammar mistakes so
yeehaw
this is 4 pages long and 2k words but it feels so short
lots of dialogue btw

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Coming upon the wooden table, the pair finds the still seated couple talking within inches of each other, pulled by some invisible force that forbids them from being separated. Definitely true mates.

“Hey, sorry ‘bout that!” Clay releases Georges’ hand to pull out his chair and then sits down himself like it’s second nature. The dishes at the table had been cleared in the short time they were gone and a dessert menu was set gingerly on the table.

“Everything good?” Nick turns to them, though keeps himself within Karls’ reach. He picks up the dessert menu and browses the options, sighing and then setting the small menu down. The alpha opens his mouth but is beat but the taller alpha at the table.

“Before we do that, let's talk business,” Clay stops Nicks’ sentence before it starts, instead taking the dessert menu and slyly passing it to George. The shorter alpha doesn’t say anything.

“Karl, gimme your wrist.” The blond offers his hand, palm up, to allow Karl a spot to drop his wrist. Karl does so gingerly, eyes shining with tears, knowing the coming of events.

“I, Clay, accept you as a temporary bond into our pack until we can settle in further,” The blonds’ nose rubs onto the scent glands decorating Karls’ skin, nudging his teeth into the hormone-secreter until the skin is broken and a temporary claim is formed. The omega lets out a sharp gasp before his body relaxes and Nick bristles in his seat. Any form of alpha touch to his omega isn’t welcome, even from Clay.

George stares with rapt attention at the seemingly intimate ceremony happening at a dinner table in some random millennial restaurant. His alpha unlatches his jaw from Karls’ wrist, setting the hand down on the polished wooden table near the dessert menu that George dropped sometime during this process.

Clay wipes his mouth of the excess oil secreted by the now temp-packed omega, licking his lips to taste the rest. It’s an action that should be dirtier than it is, though it just solidifies the new bond

between Karl and Clay.

His breath smells of the oranges and creme like the omega he just bit and his lips are sweet with the slick oils, one-of-a-kind to Karl Jacob's himself.

The sweet smelling hot breath is redirected to Georges' ear, words caressing his ears in a soft yet direct way. "I'll do some special ceremony for your bonding, don't worry." The sentence ends with a punctuated kiss to the shell of his ear before the warm body leans back and into the atmosphere of the table.

"Thank you, I-" The taller of the brunette omega's chokes on a sob. "I've been with Nick for a while, and I know he said you wouldn't care if I was in the pack as long as I was Nicks' you'd accept me but- but- that really meant a lot." His words are rushed and genuine and so big in a tiny place such as their dining table.

"It's not a problem really!" Clay shoots Nick a look that screams *meet me outside* so the shorter alpha excuses himself to take some air.

"I'm gonna go follow him, you two talk?" His words hang and before he can receive an answer from either omega, he's hot on Nicks' trail and out the front doors of the restaurant.

Once into the cold air of a Florida night, Clay rushes to hug the younger male and soothe his agitated pack mate.

"Dude, what did you think was gonna happen?" Clay says into the shoulder of the brunet, "you know exactly how this process works, why do you react like you're twelve and I stole something from you?"

"Dude, I don't know, I-" Nick cuts himself with an inhale. "I just hate when people touch him, he means so much to me."

Clay presses a kiss to the shorter alphas' hair and allows him to slick himself with Clays' scent. There's a relaxed atmosphere as the two alpha's remain embraced outside the millennial restaurant with mildly good food, broken only by a large group of super drunk college kids trying to wiggle their way past and into the bar.

With a relaxing of his arms, they step out of the embrace and Nick no longer looks like he's searching for a challenge, only endearment and infatuation in his gaze.

"Dude, don't look at me like we're fifteen again!" Clay says with a blush, remembering the virgin-filled desperate touching of their youth, "we both have omega's in there and we both know that two alpha's don't work."

"A man can dream, a man can dream." He jokes flirtily, opening the door for Clay and leading them back through the maze of tables to their sitting omega's. The men smell strongly of each other, though purely platonic in their scent marking, and the omega's relax knowing they still have a claim on either alpha.

"So, dessert!" Clay plops unceremoniously into his metal seat, the scraping sound filling the dull silence of their table. "Also, sorry, Karl. I don't know if you wanted that to be a pack ceremony bonding instead of just after, like, eating mac n' cheese like it was so- so- when I make you an official member we can have a ceremony?" His words are cautious and meek, so unlike the normally unforgivingly confident alpha.

"Yeah- I'd like that!" Karl responds, burying his nose into his freshly bitten wrist and sniffing

deeply at the new temporary pack bond.

“Can we get one of those cookies for dessert? With the ice cream? Those things are so American,” George speaks up for the first time in a while, watching as every American grins wildly again.

“So- you like the American food?” They all say at the same time, evil teeth shining in the light of the hanging edison bulb lamps.

“Fine! I like the American food...” His words are quiet and said in a pouty voice. The rest of the born-and-bred Americans glance at each other.

“George, sweetie-” Nick calls him that name instead of Clay, forcing his head to whip up and look at him. “What did you say?”

“Fuck off! You know what I said!” His voice pitches up and his eyes stay staring at each of the stupid Americans in the face. He startles when a hand places itself on his thigh and a thumb rubs into the skinny muscle of the appendage.

“Okay okay, we can get a cookie skittle,” Clay decides and the playful atmosphere breaks with his words, evolving into something more comfortable.

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The rest of their dessert passes easily and Clay foots the bill like a proper alpha, proving himself in even the little things that he can provide.

The group stands outside the wooden doors after leaving the table, Clays’ arms wrapped around George and Karl and Nick in a similar position, each alpha covering their omega from the bitter wind.

They each wait for their Ubers to arrive, the bus system having stopped running this late at night, even in a metropolitan area. Silence fills their space, each pair focussed simply on staying warm in the cold night. Karl faces Nick, face rising slightly above the alphas’ as Karl wins in their battle of height. He whispers something unintelligible to Nick, earning a laugh as the pair continues their back and forth.

Georges’ head is smothered inside Clays’ warmth, jacket wrapping both men in a pleasant embrace of heat. Words are shushed into the fabric of Clays’ shirt, though he can just barely make them out.

“You smell good.” *Oh.*

“Thank you, and ditto.” He cranes his neck down to peer at the omega.

“No, no. You smell like a pack,” George sighs and looks up at Clay, resting his chin on the dip between his pectoral muscles and straining his neck to look up through their seven inches height difference. “I haven’t smelled it since I last saw Wilbur, and that was like two years ago. Guess I’m going to have to see him soon, with you and all.”

Clay rubs his large hands over the surface of his back, smoothing his shirt and soothing the tension in Georges’ form.

“You need to tell me a bit about him, ya’ know.” A gentle smile is sent and George returns it.

“It’s so weird, actually. I’ve really only known you for a couple days and it’s like you know everything about me.” He takes a deep breath in, the soft atmosphere of outdoor lighting and the late time a driving factor in his confession, “it’s like you’ve known me all my life. I’ve had no problem getting to know you, despite my earlier reservations about this whole fated thing. I don’t need to explain myself on things and you just seem to- to- understand?”

Clay nods and starts to sway them tenderly. He lets George continue.

“I can’t say, *I’ve only known this man for a week*, because it feels like you’ve always kind of been a part of me? It’s baffling that I need to introduce you to Wilbur, cuz’ this feels as natural as breathing and I feel like you should know Wilbie as well as I do. Like, since you somehow just *know* me so well, you should know him as well too?” George turns his cheek into Clays’ chest and stops looking at him.

Clay keeps his eyes downturned and focussed on the bashful omega.

“I do, kind of get it. You seem to fit into my arms like I grew around holding you, and you just seem to understand what I’m feeling when I feel it and say it to you? It’s weird to me too, that you don’t know Anna, my younger sister, when it feels like you grew up with us.” His comforting words are an admission to both the older male and himself.

“You have a sister?” The omegas’ words are surprised and high pitched.

“That’s what you focus on? But, yes, I have a sister. Her name is Anna, she’s sixteen and an alpha also. My parents bred alpha’s, somehow.” His smile presents itself in the words, like it belongs there as a part of his speech.

Clay freezes. His words, laced with smiles and happiness, aren’t always going to be like that. His words, the things that can create life or take them violently, are going to fuck it up like last time. His words, dreaded and vile, will take another person who already means so much to him. His words, his words, his words-

“Clay?” Nick has appeared in the space that George backed away from, resting his rough hand on the taller alphas’ neck. When had George moved away?

Karl and George stand in the back, huddling close together to conserve warmth in the windy night.

“Yeah, sorry, what’s up?” His attempts to play it off are ignored and a nervous smile appears on his face. “I’m fine, what’s up? Are the Ubers here?”

“Is it her again?” Nicks’ words startle Clay, forcing the muscles in his body to tense like he’d been electrocuted.

“Yeah, just a memory, I’m good.” Reluctant arms leave their embrace and return to Karl, forcing George back into his personal heater.

“Clay-” He’s cut off.

“I’ll- I’ll,” The blond sighs and a frown paints his face. “I’ll tell you when we get home, okay?”

The mention of home, a shared home, nearly breaks George from his concerned thoughts. Nearly.

“I’m going to keep you to that.” Curt British words leave the pair to wait in silence for their Ubers.

Ten minutes pass on the edge of a comforting quiet when a black Nisan pulls up, forcing Karl and Nick to depart.

“It was nice to meet you, Karl.” Clay reaches for Karls’ wrist and kisses the now healing gland, rubbing the oils on his lips once more. With a flick of his tongue the oil is gone and Karl steps back with a happy smile.

“Be good, buddy. Call me later, so I know you’re okay.” Nick whispers into the fabric of Clays’ shoulder when they embrace.

“I will, promise.” A kiss is pressed onto Nicks’ hairline again and they part with one last rubbing of scent glands.

Clay returns to George to watch the pair board their Uber and drive off into the Florida night. They’re left there to wait for their own.

“You can just stay at my apartment.” The alpha both offers and states.

“Works for me.” A car pulls up.

They ride in their Uber in silence, hands clasped in the backseat of a strangers car.

Chapter End Notes

[my twitter as always](#) come yell at me or whatever for slowing down on updates i feel horrible too
also i felt like i needed to explain how the boys get to know each other so well despite only knowing each other for a handful of days so i did
so sorry if its bad
as always comments and kudos keep me going

fairy lights and confessions

Chapter Summary

there is a HEAVY HEAVY trigger warning for this chapter.

trigger warning for suicidal references, abortion, sexual assault, abusive relationships.
its all mentioned and nothing descriptive but i owe it to you to give you a warning.

Chapter Notes

this is 2.5k chapter of trauma and love. the chapter starts without the trauma stuff with a STARTS HERE so feel free to skip to it.

seriously, its heavy. if you need help, please call any of these numbers.

National American Suicide Hotline: 800-273-8255

National American Sexual Assault Hotline: 1-800-656-4673

These numbers are open 24 hours a day. If you need help, please call.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

One terse Uber ride later brings them outside Clays' apartment and both of them drawing a blank. The alpha pulls his keys from pocket and unlocks the door with a resounding *chck* of the bolt turning. Upon seeing an empty house, he pulls out his phone to shoot Nick a text, asking if he's at Karls'. He receives a prompt yes.

"Are.. you gonna let me in?" George asks from behind Clay, who had been standing in the doorway texting Nick, forgetting about his guest.

"Oh, fuck!" He stumbles out of the way and through the living room, holding the door open for George. "Sorry, I was asking where Nick was- we live together."

"I know, Clay, I was here earlier." Fuck, he had forgotten.

"Yeah, yeah I knew you knew that," He rubs his hand on his neck and laughs, turning to flip on the lights and speed-walk away through his small abode.

"Hey, what's going on?" Georges' voice sounds from behind him and his quest to get away is stopped.

"Nothin' j-just lookin' for Patches!" His normally soothing voice pitches up with his lie. A hand rests itself softly on his back, startling the tall man with a flinch.

"Clay, talk to me? Please?" Flimsy arms wrap around his torso from behind, soft cheek pushing into the fabric of the alphas' jacket. Clay hangs his head and places his hands on top of the omegas' locked around his front.

“It was from dinner tonight,” He starts, staring down at the ground and shrinking his body impossibly smaller in the older males embrace. “I dated a beta, a few years back. A memory of her just came up, that’s all.”

George lets the words hang in the air, waiting for the alpha to continue. They sit in silence for a couple minutes while the alpha breathes, composing the words like an out-of-time symphony.

“We dated for a while. I thought I was gonna mate her, honestly. It was a two year relationship and I loved her- really, I did.” Nicks’ stale cherry and sandalwood scent permeates the silent air, quickly being covered by distressed waves and loving apples, “She told me at the end of the relationship that it was all fake. That- that she dated me as a joke but didn’t know how to end it. I asked her why, why she did this, wanna know what she said?”

George nods against his back.

An angry huff is followed by, “She liked hearing my sweet words. She liked knowing I was- was in love with her and that she was just playing around.” The lean body shakes within Georges’ grasp, fists clenching and unclenching, “I yelled at her, wondering how sweet my words were then. I yelled and yelled at the girl I loved and I watched her cry, and saw as everything we were crumble and - and-”

“You don’t have to continue telling me the backstory, Clay. Please just tell me what I can do to fix it?” His soft pale lips murmur into the tank top, words vibrating against the material.

“I don’t know, honestly. It was my fault she didn’t love me, my fault it crumbled, my fault that I couldn’t make her like me, my fault my words weren’t sweet enough-” The blond’s voice speeds up, words frantic and desperately clawing their way out of his throat. A sob wracks the younger man’s body, hands not moving from their place on Georges’ to wipe his eyes.

George turns them around and leads them to the place that smells strongest of den, where the cherry sandalwood and beachy waves intertwine in a delicate and complicated dance. The older male places the blond on the shared pack bed, leaving only to turn off the lights and flip on the string lights Nick called cringy but actually enjoyed.

He returns to the alpha’s side, legs dangling off the side of the California king bed and thighs resting next to Clays’, knees touching in solidarity. The taller man slumps his head to the right and onto Georges’ boney shoulder, burying his nose into the scent gland that rests on his neck, currently releasing a concoction of comforting oils.

The pair sits in silence for a while, occasionally broken only by small sniffs. With Clay still resting on the older males shoulder, he can feel when George is about to speak, vibrations of his skin rumbling through Clays’ face.

“I’m going to tell you this, and I don’t want you to look at me while I do,” His words start soft and easy, tone misleading the meaning of the sentence. “When I first presented, my parents didn’t talk to me. They wanted another boisterous beautiful alpha like Wilbur, and they got a weak little omega who never goes outside.”

A deep breath, “Wilbur took care of me for days, my parents didn’t even want to feed me. I can’t blame them, I didn’t want to feed me either. Wilbie fed me, made sure I showered, saw the sun sometimes, drank enough water. I-I barely wanted to move. Everything I was had come crashing down and I didn’t even want to be alive.”

Clay knows where this is going, though remains still in the crook of Georges’ neck. “I attempted,

then. One stomach pump later and I was awake with Wilbur crying near my hospital bed and my parents glaring at me through the window. Worrying about bills and the way this looks on the family, of course. I wish it worked then, I would be spared the pain of disappointing my parents more. Can't even do one thing right, funny." He breathes out a chuckle, air tickling the top of Clays' head.

"They admitted me, they had to." George continues like he can't stop, "I was there for three weeks and- and I-" Tears slip gently down his cheeks, dropping onto the blond hairline.

"Let's say, something happened. I left there pregnant and wanting to end it even more. It's my brother who made sure that didn't happen, and if it wasn't for him I'd be dead right now."

Clay finally chimes in, "I'll have to thank him some extra then."

"I guess you will," The brunette chuckles and buries his nose into the blond's scalp, broken from his traumatic stupor with Clays' words. The same words he seems to hate. "He took me to my doctor's appointment to- to get rid of it. Hid my body with his and protected me when people threw rocks--"

"People threw rocks?" The alpha startles up, jostling them both. For the first time, he really looks into Georges' eyes, seeing passed the guards and into his soul as it's laid bare. The shorter males lids are puffy and the heterochromatic gaze is blurred with tears.

"Yeah, people threw rocks. He's got a nasty scar from one hitting his head, actually." George seems to chuckle at the memory, gearing up to tell the story. "Apparently it happens so often that the clinic offers free stitches and medical care for it, so at least he got care right away."

The older man turns his body to face Clay now, rather than touching shoulders and craning necks. He crosses his legs in the bed and angles himself to face the alpha, as if he decided that shying away from it won't do any good.

Clay follows suit, rearranging his lanky limbs to face George, crossing his legs as well and scooting closer until their knees touch.

"Our parents' faces when they saw the stitches, my god, I thought they were going to kill themselves. Which, honestly, would have been ironic at the time." He chuckles and breaks the tense atmosphere, looking Clay in the eyes once more when the story is finished.

"I'm glad the attempt didn't work and you're here with me now. I'm sorry that happened and you had to make that decision." Green gazes into heterochromatic softly, meeting with tender passion and true sympathy.

"I hope you don't mind that I wasn't untouched when we fucked," A small smile plays onto the older males face, face scrunching into anticipated laughter.

"What the hell gave you that idea?" Clay takes the bait with an exasperated voice, body reeling back in disbelief.

"Oh nothing, just that I know you wanted me to be ruined for everyone else for my first." He giggles, the blush on his face betraying his intent of teasing.

"Oh come on," The dense alpha starts to defend himself. "One, I don't care about stuff like that, as long as it's you. Two, that doesn't count because there wasn't any consent. You see?"

Clay's serious response halts George in his teasing.

“You really mean that?” Any previous sign of joking leaves his voice.

“Of course, I’m no stranger to that experience, trust me. Shit like that happens to anyone, you know.” A far off look replaces Clays’ gaze, eyes shining over with something George can’t place.

“Before you ask, yes, it was her. Alcohol, drugs. The works.” His words are curt and leave nothing for the brunette to imagine.

“I won’t ask you to tell me, obviously. What’s done is done and we can leave it at that.” Georges’ words are frank and potentially conversation ending, though Clay isn’t given the chance to end it when Patche’s pushes open the door.

Her gentle meows ring through the softly lit room, furry body stretching out as she breaches the atmosphere without care. The fuzzy animal saunters over and onto the bed, hoping gracefully into Georges’ lap like he was born to be there. With a tackless plop, she’s in his lap and there to stay.

START HERE

“Guess that settles it.” The blond smiles down at the literal cat in his cat-like males lap, eyes shifting to something tender at the display.

“Clay, you can keep talking if you want. I’m okay with that,” The omegas’ words are muffled from his face being directed towards the feline, voice projecting down and being absorbed into the little animal. “I’m here to help.”

A smirk finds itself atop pink lips, teeth shining yellow in the dull lighting, sharp canines open with the smile. “Really? Anything?”

George makes the mistake of keeping his gaze down at the cat, “Yeah, obviously.”

Clay surges forward, using his left hand to rest on and his right to grip Georges’ face and kiss him breathless. Their lips merge together with an easy won battle, dominance being handed freely to the insecure alpha.

George moves Patche’s from her seat, breaking the kiss with a soft ‘sorry’ before diving back, pulling the younger man down as he leans back to lay flat. Clay follows and rests his large body gently atop Georges’ weaker one, resting most of his weight on his elbows to keep the brunette from getting crushed.

Their kiss starts languid, soft lips biting and sucking in a tender caress, building to something more passionate. The shift comes when Clay slots his tongue between the older males lips, licking the inside of his mouth possessively, like if he can claim every inch of his body George will stay his.

Said George allows himself to be manhandled, following obediently the push and pull of their tongues, keeping the younger man resting on his chest. A dance of scents fills the air, vanilla and apples blending with the combined cherry sandalwood and fresh palm like it was meant to be there. Every deep breath solidifies the idea that the universe hand picked them to create a scent like no other, amazing and beautiful in its complexity, though basking in its simple completion.

With a huff, Clay moves up farther on the bed to cage the older mans body, kiss growing into something fueled by fire rather than kept docile by water. His mouth trails down the pale omegan neck, peppering hickies along his path. The tongue, capable of words so sweetly sour, sucks on the oil coming from the gland resting on his neck.

Large hands slip up the soft material of Georges’ clothing, drawing patterns against the bare skin. When George flinches, Clay draws back like he’s been burned.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry. I forgot to ask, fuck, I’ll call you an Uber if I’ve overstepped my-” His worried ramble stops when lips meet his, shushing their quiet shush.

“It just tickled, alpha. I’m all good.” Clay short circuits with that word, *alpha*, and he sinks back into the embrace to kiss him again. Almost no time passes before they’re back to the previous energy, kissing with reckless abandon.

George pushes up into calloused hands this time, reassuring nonverbally that he wants the touch. No, needs the touch.

The younger man pushes the shirt up, leading his kisses through the expanses of pale unmarked skin. His lips suck dark spots on his chest, tonguing around sensitive peaked nipples, earning a covered moan from the brunette. Clay looks up to see George holding a fist to his mouth.

“Hey, don’t,” One of his calloused hands leaves the frail body to draw away the thing blocking Georges’ noises. “These walls are soundproof, me and Nick had to get through ruts somehow.”

The brunette looks down at the alpha resting his tan chin on his bare and now marked chest.

“You guys, you what?” A scandalised smile breaks on his pale face.

“Yeah, so what? Packed people fuck through ruts and heats all the time,” His red face reveals his bashfulness, exposing the embarrassment poking through underneath.

“No shame, honestly. Didn’t think you guys would be a good pair with how much you two butt heads.” His words are laced with humour.

“Oh fuck off, I will have you know that he is a begging mess. For as much of an alpha he tries to be, he squirms so good on cock you’d think he was an omega.” Clay brags about his apparently bottom packmate to his fated mate, though said fated mate seems to enjoy it.

“I’ll take your word for it, though I’m pretty sure Karl has him covered on the cock part.” Their frantic kissing has stopped and diverged into conversation. Clay remains looking up at his omega from the pale chest, meeting heterochromatic eyes halfway.

“Are you saying Karl tops?” The omega puts on a pretend scandalous voice, like an omegan estates woman from the 1800’s.

“Like you don’t know the answer.”

Their conversation continues late into the night, until both fall asleep with their bodies curled into each other.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the heaviness [my twitter come yell at me or something](#)
comments and kudos fuel me as always please give me writes fuel
sorry for cock blocking yall as well

living breathing pillows

Chapter Summary

the boys have some pack bonding, and theres a surprise call from wilbur.

Chapter Notes

i was requested to add more dreamnap to this fic and i always deliver
sorry if the pacing is weird for this one, ive been in a funk lately
hopefully its okay
this is 5 pages and 2.5k words

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George startles awake, the warmth at his side replaced by a cherry and sandalwood smelling alpha, snuggled deep into his neck. Behind him, an orange and creme omega with his arm wrapped around his waist, curled protectively around the smallest of the pack.

The omegas' nose is assaulted with familial-feeling scents, surrounded by gentle air and even gentler arms. His eyes draw towards the figure sitting on a beanbag next to the bed, chilling on his phone with a cat draped over his lap. The blond smiles upon seeing George awake, carefully picking Patches up and dropping her on his warm spot as he rises from the chair. Well, struggles to free himself from the embrace of the beans, is more accurate.

Soon, as his struggle ends and Patches is placed on the bag, he tiptoes over to the bed holding the forming pack. His tan hands wave a silent 'hello', phone tucked away into his pocket in order to properly observe the scene before him.

"Good morning, Georgie," He whispers, eyes alight with fondness and laughter. "Quite a predicament you're in."

The male in question shoots him a fake-glare, the intensity broken by the little smile playing on his face. Karl snuggles into his neck from behind, his grip tightening and sliding George back into the larger man's embrace easily. The movement draws Nick in as well, the alpha following his source of warmth, keeping his face pressed into the omegas' collarbones.

"I'll answer your question before you ask it," Clay interrupts before George can say a word, stopped with his mouth open. He closes it at Clays' words. "They got here at around two in the morning, according to the ring doorbell."

"My guess?" He continues, "Karl needed to be near me because of the temporary bond, and by proxy, needed to be near you. You're head omega now, you know."

George cranes his neck to observe the omega behind him, hair tussled with the signs of solid sleep, mouth slightly agape and lips cracking. He then turns his gaze to the alpha in front of him, nose buried deep into the base of his scent glands, inhaling the thing that makes him uniquely him with

every breath. The hair atop the alphas' head tickles the sandwiched omega, soft strands brushing his skin like they belong there.

"I was in the pile too, behind Nick, before I woke up," The blond chuckles, hand going to his pocket to pull out his phone. "Don't worry, I got lots of pictures of you all together, and some with me in there as well."

The brunette lacks the capacity to care about his potentially embarrassing photos, brain filled instead with comfort and high on pack-related endorphins. When he remains silent, Clay speaks up again.

"I'm gonna go make some breakfast, try to wiggle your way out and join me?" The offer penetrates the haze of happiness that settled on Georges' mind. He nods in answer, watching as Clay leaves the warmly lit room. The fairy lights splay on the bodies in the bed, early morning sunlight landing on the wall behind them.

It takes the smell of toast to convince the omega to leave, the reassuring embrace of both men sapping the energy from his bones. He maneuvers out of the hold, awkwardly bending his lanky limbs to avoid jostling his pack.

When he's confident that they've stayed sleeping, he silently walks out of the denning room and back into the kitchen, following the smell and cloudy remembrance of the layout. The apartment is moderately sized for Florida, with furnishing worn but nice quality. A realization lands on the omega; what does Clay do for a living?

He spots said alpha in the kitchen, apron tied behind his back, wearing nothing but sweatpants and the dark yellow bakers accessory. Stalking behind the alpha, he wraps his arms around the younger male, rubbing his face on the exposed back.

"Is it green?" The omega murmurs, keeping his face pressed onto the warm expanse of skin. He feels the chuckle beneath his cheek rather than hears it.

"Yes, it is lime green. What's it look like?" Clays' innocent curiosity doesn't piss George off like the question 'what does this look like' usually does. The man remains cooking breakfast while waiting for an answer.

"Kind of yellowish, though different from actual yellow. It's darker." He releases Clay from his embrace, instead going to hop on the countertops and face the man. The cold countertop seeps through the protective warmth of his pants, though he ignores it. Even on the counter, George still can't quite look him directly in the eye in height.

"Hmm, maybe I'll need to start wearing colours you can see." The sizzle of flipping bacon ends the sentence for him.

"Before you ask, your eyes are gold to me." Clays' head springs up at that, said gold eyes wide with surprise. A coffee stained grin plasters itself onto the freckled face.

"How did you-" George cuts him off.

"Everyone asks, especially people with green eyes." He sighs, hands gripping the edge of the counter and face downturned into his chest with a chuckle.

The blond makes a displeased noise, continuing to watch the bacon and flip when needed. George begins an apology, though halts when he hears the den door open. He tucks the thought into a 'for later' cabinet in his brain, instead changing his gaze to the pair shuffling from the room.

Nick rubs his eyes as his slippered feet shuffle along the ground, eyes squinting at the sudden difference in light. Karl does something similar behind him, though covering his mouth to hide a yawn with one hand, dragging his fingers through tangled hair with the other. They migrate towards the kitchen bar, plopping unceremoniously into the bar-stool chairs.

“Hi, sleep well?” Clay asks without turning from his cooking, shooting a look to George to ask as well.

“Yeah, sleep good?” His British accent stresses the words in different places, causing all three men there to smile.

“We had a nice pillow, so yes.” Karl smiles fondly at George, eyes gleaming with something too big for George to handle so early. Nick just nods in agreement, sitting weirdly on his chair. Oh, that’s why they smell so entangled.

Karl rests a hand on Nicks’ thigh, rubbing his thumb into the muscled fat of his leg. Their precious atmosphere breaks when a phone rings somewhere in the house, all the men look at each other to gauge whose phone it is.

George hops off the counter, feeling all three male gazes following him as he returns to the denning room to answer his phone. When he arrives upon the offending object, he picks up immediately when he sees Wilburs’ name.

“Bie!” His excited shout is probably heard by the other men, though he pushes that idea back to focus on his brother.

“Gogie!” The alpha answers his excited shout with his own. “So, hey.” The mood changes as Wilburs’ tone drops into something serious.

“What’s up?” The omega covers his nervousness with casual conversation.

“How would you feel if-” Oh no, what could this possibly be? “I told you I was at the airport right now, about to board a plane for Florida?” *What?*

“You’re what?” His mind short circuits at that dropped bomb of information.

“I’m at Heathrow right now, with a plane that I’m boarding in about thirty minutes-” George cuts him off there.

“Okay what? You’re flying into Florida? How- why- hold on,” Removing the phone from his ear, he uses his left hand to cover his mouth. He gets to see his brother soon? “Sorry, I’m back. How do you even know where to fly in? Why now?”

“All will be revealed in time, young one.” The low chuckle barely registers on the phone, sounds covered by the now present bustle of a busy airport.

“Oh shut up, I mean- where are you staying? How long will you be here?” George unknowingly continues to poke holes into this plan, displaying his nervousness.

“I’ve got a hotel and I’ll be there about a week. Trust me, Gog, it’ll be okay. I have to go now, they’re taking me through some passport related stuff. I love you, I’ll see you soon!” And before George can even say bye, the call ends and he’s left to stand alone in the room.

It takes about three minutes of just standing before he leaves to join the men and reveal the news. Once joined, he hops back up on the counter, ignoring their inquisitive looks. The male spends a

second to take a deep breath and figure out his words.

“So, my brother is coming. Like, right now. He’s boarding his plane and flying into Florida.” Karl and Nick look at him wide eyed, Clay trying his best to copy the looks but failing. He is a terrible liar.

“Did you get in contact with my brother?” George asks, voice incredulous. Does he kiss his alpha now or later?

“Yeah, I just wanted to surprise you. I found his socials through yours, messaged him, the rest is happening now.” His stupid bashful little smile is wiped off his face when George leaps up to kiss him, wrapping his arms around the tan neck and standing on his tippy toes to reach.

The group continues breakfast after that, talking in the kitchen and enjoying each other's presence. Each male shares an equal amount of contact throughout the pack, though only the alpha’s sneakily feel up their omega’s.

George migrates from Clays’ arms to avoid getting splashed with dish water when breakfast cleanup begins, instead falling into Karls’ arms on the couch. He snuggles up on his chest, planting his face in the base of his neck to inhale oranges and cream with every breath.

“Hi!” The taller omega adjusts to make room for the physical weight that dropped itself on his chest. His lean arms wrap around George, pulling him closer while continuing to play the game on the PS4. The shorter male doesn’t need to turn around to know what game he’s playing, instead recognizing the voice actors and music.

“Detroit: Become Human? What route?” His words vibrate against Karls’ collarbone, forcing a poorly-covered shiver through his body. The arms wrapped around his torso meet on the other side to hold a controller while still holding George.

“Pacifist route, obviously. I love Connor and I want him to deviate, plus I did the aggressive ending a week ago.” The air that leaves his mouth with each syllable brushes Georges’ hair, pushing strands and tickling the shorter brunette. Both men ignore the scene happening in the kitchen.

Nicks’ back is soaked with dish water from slotting himself between Clay and the sink he was doing the dishes at. The shorter alpha refuses to care, lips melding against Clays’ in a familiar movement. Large tan hands clutch at the chubby hips, massaging the fat with his fingers and forcing the younger brunet to relax.

“New pack emotions getting to you, Nickie?” The blond breaks the kiss with that sentence, coffee-stained teeth grinning evilly.

“Oh shut up, our omega’s are in there basically cuddle fucking-” Both alpha’s ignore the ‘*No we are not!*’ call from the living room. “And we used to do this all the time, back in high school. Cmon, Clay, it’s not that weird, is it?” Nick finishes his statement through gritted teeth, trying not to let the strong grip on his love handles.

“It’s not, you’re right. Maybe later, after I’ve talked to George and you’ve talked to Karl about it. Don’t wanna assume, right?” The head alpha asks, accentuating each word with a kiss on the pouting lips.

“Fine, fine. Do your dishes now, I’m gonna go join the omega sandwich.” He leaves with one last kiss, wiggling from the spot between the sink and the warm body. With a plop, he drops his wet shirt onto the ground, leaving him topless and only in basketball shorts. His gait stutters with the

evidence of Georges' and Clays' argument the previous night and the proof they were both right.

The blond watches the man struggle to walk straight before making sure he fits into the 'omega sandwich' on the large couch. Upon seeing his seamless integration into the pile, Clay starts again on the dishes, washing and drying with a fond smile on his face.

When the last dish is set in place, Clay hangs up his apron and goes to join the cuddle pile, only to see George and Nick asleep and Karl nearly asleep as well. The game screen displays the white menu of Detroit: Become Human, the controller nearly slipping out of Karls' hand as his tired grip begins to fail.

Clay turns the TV all the way down before taking the controller from the Virginian omega, checking his progress through the scene and deciding that his last save point is acceptable. A few buttons beep to signal the PS4 and TV are off, followed by a loss of fans whirring in the normally loud gaming console.

The alpha sets the controller to charge, then finally turns to the pile of his people on the couch. He digs his phone from his pajamas, snapping a few hundred pictures of the sleeping pack. Only when the device complains that the storage is nearly filled does he leave to enter his office and pass the time.

Upon entering the room, he clicks on the LED lights around the ceiling, setting the colour to blue instead of his normal green, just in case George wakes up to visit him. He crosses the rugged floor and to his computer chair, the plastic sheet beneath the wheels causing the chair to roll when he sits.

The computer starts up easily, fans whirring to life and the green light inside the set up illuminating the parts through the clear glass. Each monitor blinks to life, password inputted with ease, fingers tapping on silent keys.

On the left monitor is the code program, on the right monitor is the requirements for his client. He starts to type out lines of code, creating each new function with professional skill.

The hours slip like sand through his fingers, his focus broken only by the alarm on his phone going off. Nearly seven hours had passed since this morning, alerting him to the probable consciousness of his pack. He saves his progress and shuts his computer back down, stretching his legs when he stands, each vertebrae in his back popping with the effort.

The blond shuts the lights off as he leaves, returning back into the real world. One glance at the couch confirms his suspicions, empty furniture proving that they were awake and hadn't bothered him. Green eyes throw a cursory glance around to find none of them there, missing from the living room and kitchen.

He crosses the small hall and peaks into the den, finding all three of the men lounging around the large room. Somehow they didn't notice his peaking, allowing him the freedom to pick up Wilbur at the airport and bring him back without the entire pack going.

Throwing on a hoodie laying around the living room, he slips on his shoes and sneaks out the front door.

as always, [my twitter](#) come yell at me pls i love when ppl interact with me
comments and kudos are love and fuel me to keep going

speeding tickets and speeding love

Chapter Summary

Wilbur arrives finally and meets all the boys!
happy chapter i promise, not that sad shit again

Chapter Notes

this is a day early for sapnap celebration day, sapnap the creator of catboys, the sexiest man alive
happy 20th birthday
hope yall like it tell me to delete it if its bad
i will

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Texts flood in while he's driving to the airport, worried messages from packmates asking where he is, if he's okay, if he can buy milk while he's out. Trust Nick to not worry. He makes a new group chat while stopped at a light, sending them all a text that, yes, he is fine and just picking up Wilbur.

With that news, George sends a bunch of smiley faces in the chat coupled with thumbs up from the other pair. The blond can't help smiling at his phone, his fated mate and pack mates bringing a rush of serotonin to his head. Clay startles from his stupor as cars honk behind him, indicating the state of the light.

Green is for go.

Stepping on the gas, he starts off again for the airport. Planes land closer with each mile he travels into the waystation, driving past the first three gates to find a parking spot at the fourth station. He ignores the astronomical parking prices, instead parking close to the entrance, leaving his old car there.

The glass doors of the airport slide open with a sound, the bearings needing oil from repetitive use. On his phone is the location for his landing, shoes carrying him through the airport with practiced ease. His hoodie suddenly feels unbearably itchy, the fabric tearing into his skin like needles.

A small ding alerts the alpha that his intended plane has landed, and the passengers will be departing shortly. His phone buzzes within his hand, breaking his staring contest with the ground. A text from Wilbur, affectionately named 'Georges brother do not fuck this up' in his phone.

It reads, "I'm here! Going thru TSA and passport stuff right now, should be out soon!"

The waistband of Clays' pants seems to tighten and gain mass, the light elastic feeling like an enormous weight. Even if he wanted to move, his shoes seem to be rooted in place, stuck to the floor. The blond feels immobilized in the shitty blue plastic seat.

Another text breaks him from his panic, again from Wilbur.

This time, it says, “Coming thru the gate now, green hoodie?”

Clay looks up and meets eyes staring directly at him and a body moving closer. The man in question pushes his fluffy brown hair back as he approaches, slipping his phone into his pocket with one fluid motion.

The blond summons the strength to stand, slipping his phone into the hoodie pocket as well and whipping his sweaty hands in there in the process. As Wilbur steps close, Clay offers his hand. The taller alpha looks at it before taking the blond into a strong hug, relaxing subconsciously into the bigger embrace. He hears a sniff and takes the opportunity to do it himself.

“You smell like George.” Wilbur says while releasing him, using his long arms to push the shorter body back by his shoulders and look at him up and down.

“You smell like coffee and warm laundry.” Despite only being two inches shorter than Wilbur, the blond feels as though he strains his neck to meet the brown eyes.

They finally back away from each other, breaking contact that had been surprisingly comforting. The taller alpha grabs the handle of his suitcase, motioning for Clay to lead them to the car. Both men slip into an easy gait, long legs thankfully keeping pace together.

Wilbur starts with questions. “Where do you work?”

“Oh, I design custom code for professional use. Basically, rent-a-coder. I help with what’s needed on a project, whether it’s an app, or a game, or whatever.” The blond moves his hands while he talks, drawing the attention of Wilbur’s eyes.

“Oh nice, George is a coder too.” Clay whips his head to look at the alpha, eyes wide. How much did Clay actually know about George? Other than emotional trauma?

“I- I actually didn’t know that,” The blond chuckles, using his previously expressive hands to rub the back of his neck. He stares wide eyed at the ground, embarrassed at his lack of information about the man he wants to mate.

“I could tell,” The smug words are somehow said non-smugly, courtesy of Wilbur’s genuine niceness. “He’s been telling me that you guys haven’t talked much about the little things yet, though give it sometime. You guys haven’t actually known each other long, so it’s surprising that you guys work like you. Like there’s no need to talk at all, you know- understand.”

Clay lifts his gaze from the floor, instead turning to look at the taller male. “That actually means a lot, thank you.”

Wilbur just laughs it off with a wave of his hand, drawing them back into silence as they approach the parking lot.

Just after breaching the glass doors, Wilbur speaks again. “Do you have any siblings?”

“A sister, named Anna. She’s an alpha.” Clay’s voice drips with pride when speaking about his little sister, genuine affection lacing through his words as they draw near the vehicle. The car beeps as the blond unlocks it, opening up the back seat, allowing Wilbur to store his suitcase.

Both men walk to the same side of the car before Wilbur stops and laughs, turning his large body to walk to the other side. It takes a few seconds for it to click in the blonds brain, then he’s

laughing as well.

“God, I forgot about the road thing!” Clay wheezes, clutching his stomach as the men begin to laugh harder. They feed off of each other's laughter, stuck in a loop as they cackle. The teapot wheezes elicit guffaws from the british male, forcing them to laugh harder.

It's only when Clay clutches his stomach and starts to gag laughing do they finally settle down and step into the waiting car, turning it on to warm up. The blond continues to gag for a couple minutes as they sit in the car and wait for any lingering chuckles to pass. Clay hands Wilbur the AUX cord while they wait, indicating with his hands to put music on as the gags and hiccups pass through Clays' body.

Wilbur takes the offer, plugging his phone into the stereo and searching through his phone for a song. The first notes of Fuck Love by XXXTENTACION and Trippie Redd filter through the speakers, the welcome distraction of music stopping the aftershocks of laughing so hard.

“I didn't know you had taste,” Clay says while clicking his seatbelt in, stepping on the brake to shift into reverse and pull them out of there. He puts a tan hand on the back of Wilbur's headrest, turning his whole body to look behind. The hand stays there until they've left the spot, leaving the headrest to put the car in drive.

The blond drives them down the ramp and car elevator-like circular tunnel, exiting back onto the main road. The airport isn't too far from his apartment, where the people he looks forward to most lay, waiting.

The song ends rather abruptly, leading into The Book of You & I by Alec Benjamin. Clay turns his head from the road for a second to look at Wilbur with wide eyes before asking, “Dude, are you okay?”

Wilbur laughs his british-sounding guffaw, “Yeah, dude. Sad songs hit different.”

“Next question,” Clay says while turning his head to look both ways, turning right when he deems it clear. “How do you know my music taste?”

Wilbur looks at Clay like he's going to kill them with his driving, the right turn throwing him off. “Fuck, I hate American driving,” His large hand clutches the bar attached to the ceiling, knuckles turning unhealthily white. “You look like the guy who likes this music.”

The shorter alpha presses on the gas when the street opens, car speeding to the beat of the song. He mouths along the words while switching lanes, confident hands keeping expert control of the car.

“Do you drive like this often?” Wilbur asks, not taking his eyes off the road or letting go of the handle. The music covers the sound of the wind outside the car, the soft sounding words only a whisper above the wind.

Clay turns onto the freeway, waiting until they've passed the onramp to drop his foot on the gas. “Yeah, I was given a speeding ticket for going one-hundred and forty miles per hour, which I guess you don't know how fast that is.”

The little car whips through the traffic, drifting smoothly in and out of lanes like fish swimming in the sea. Wilbur puts another song up before opening Google to check how fast that is in kilometres.

The coffee alpha nearly breaks his neck with the force at which he looks at the blond.

“Two-hundred and twenty-five kilometres per hour?” His voice pitches up embarrassingly high,

baffled by the blond. Said blond just laughs it off, switching lanes again.

“I paid for the whole speedometer, I’m gonna use the whole speedometer.” He shrugs his shoulders like he didn’t confess to doing seventy over the criminal speed limit. Boys Will Be Bugs by Cavetown plays next, filling their silence.

Wilbur lets that information sit in his mind while they speed back, making it to Clays’ apartment in record time. The freckled blond parks them in his residence allotted spot, turning off his car and cutting the music.

The freckles on his face stretch into an awkward white people smile, indicating their arrival. The taller alpha takes the hint when Clay exits the car, opening the door himself to crawl from the death trap. The blond takes Wilbur’s suitcase for him, shutting the back door and locking the car when all doors are shut.

He leads them back to the apartment holding his pack, stopping in front of his apartment door to look at Wilbur. The soft alpha gives him a nod, both to indicate his readiness and also to psych himself up.

Clay unlocks the door, pushing it open to reveal all three men lounging on the couch. George bolts up as the door opens, smothering Wilbur in a hug before he can even breach the threshold of the apartment.

The brunette omegas’ boney arms find miraculous strength to crush his brother, hands locking behind his back in a vice grip. Strong arms reciprocate his hug, wrapping around his upper torso and smooshing the shorter boy into his chest.

“Bie!” The shout is muffled by the cold weather gear Wilbur wears, nose loudly scenting his brother without shame.

“Hi, Gog!” The alpha says his name with soft reverence, burying his nose in the dark brown hair and breathing deep as well.

They only break when Nick clears his throat, earning a punch from Karl and a sharp look from Clay. He rubs his arm and looks at Clay for defense, only to find a glare.

“Oh, yeah.” George backs away while smoothing down his shirt, “Guys, this is my brother, Wilbur.”

Wilbur waves hello, finally stepping into the apartment and allowing Clay to close the door. George leads his brother to an open seat, taking his suitcase from him and setting it by the door. The game on the screen is paused, the room filled with the menu music as they wait for everyone to settle.

Clay takes his cue to speak when Wilbur has sat down and adjusted a little, George sitting only a seat over on the adjacent couch. The blond stands behind the seat nearest to the door where Karl sits. The alpha puts his tan hands on the tall omegas’ shoulders, leaning his weight on the male slightly.

“This is Karl,” The mentioned male waves at Wilbur. “He’s Nicks’ omega.”

Wilbur nods, waving back and throwing Karl a quiet hello.

Clay walks over behind the couch facing the television, standing behind Nick.

“This is Nick,” The blond ignores his enthusiastic hello. “He’s the second alpha in command.” The mentioned man blushes and looks up at his head alpha, infatuation gleaming in his eyes.

The blond walks around to the front of the couch to sandwich himself between Nick and George. “Obviously, I’m Clay, head alpha.” The proud smile on his face beams brighter as both men lean into him subconsciously.

Wilbur points at each male and recites their names under his breath, looking satisfied once he remembers them correctly.

“I’m Wilbur, George’s older brother.” His british accent seems to enamour the men as much as Georges’ did. Nick and Karl scent the air, both men seeming to accept the scent and breathe it in comfortably.

All the men sit in an awkward silence after introductions, unsure of what to do or say next.

Clay bravely breaks the silence by clearing his throat and turning to Wilbur. “Are you hungry?” He asks, motioning to his kitchen.

“Actually, I might go back to my hotel. The UK is five hours ahead of here and even there I work the night shift, so I haven’t slept in a while.” His face spells regret, guilt of leaving as soon as he got there clear on his face.

“Don’t worry about it, I’ll drive you back. You’re here all week, we don’t need to do everything tonight.” Clay soothes his worries on instinct, offering his help to push any doubt from the taller alpha.

“Yeah, I’d like that.” He stands by putting his hands on his knees, using his own strength to lift his lanky body. All the men stand to say goodbye, Karl and Nick being swept up in an unexpected but not unwelcome hug.

George happily takes Nick and Karls’ place in his brothers’ arms, allowing his frail body to be embraced by the one man who he truly loves.

George hugs him for another few minutes, refusing to let go until Wilbur unattached himself first. Wilbur and George share a few whispered words before Clay and Wilbur leave to the parking lot again.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos fuel me!! again, sorry this is the worst thing that has literally ever been written my bad
[my twitter again](#) come yell at me i guess?
reading this makes me want to throw up sorry its BADDDD

sundays that once were

Chapter Summary

Wilbur and George have a call with their parents.

Chapter Notes

NEW CHARACTERS IN THIS CHAPTER!!! NEW STUFF!!!

big thanks sxmplyfxndoms and iamdangernoodle on twt for responding to my desperate tweets

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Another conversationally stunted ride to Wilbur's hotel later and Clay returns to his home, criminally speeding and forcing new laws to be created to avoid whatever auto maneuvers he pulled. Unlocking his apartment door to find his found-family still sitting in the same spots, save for Nick resting his head on Georges' lap getting head scratches, filled the blond with buzzing tingles in his chest.

"Hi, everyone," He closes the door gently with a click, slipping off his shoes near the entrance while fiddling with the lock.

"Hey, me and Karl are going to go back to our apartments for tonight," George whispers, continuing his motions of scratching the alphas' scalp. Clay tries his best to not look too deflated.

"Okay, want me to pick you up tomorrow when I get Wilbur?" His upset tone betrays the kindness in the offer, sad eyes and pouty lips subtle. The scent that taints the air grows into weak waves and dying palm trees.

"Yes, of course, idiot. I'm just going back so I can be with my cat and have clothes and stuff, and don't worry, my neighbour has been feeding her while I've been here." George shuts down every objection to abusing his cat before they even start, watching all the men open their mouths to close them shortly after.

"Your neighbour?" Karl asks as he grabs various articles of his clothing that have been scattered throughout the apartment, each piece slowly becoming something of Nick or Clays'. Every male in the pack wears something of the head alphas', with Nick openly wearing everything Clays', George covered in a hoodie he drowns in, and Karl wearing his shirt and Nicks' sweatpants.

"Yeah, Alex. He's a small Mexican beta who is super loud but takes care of my apartment when I'm out and brings me dinner every now and again, so we've made friends." The brunette omega follows Karls' example, gathering various possessions while talking to make this whole process smoother.

Clay bristles at the idea of another male, beta or not, talking to George from outside the pack. He pointedly shoves that possessive part of his nature into a small corner of his mind to rot, die and

stay dead.

The blond denies any offers to take his clothing back from either omega, allowing both males to keep the items drenched in the familial scent of a happy pack. If either of them inhale the cloth deeply, no one says anything.

The quiet conversation does its best to keep away the impending departure of both omegas, though the time arrives with a buzzing of Georges' phone.

"Oh, it's Wilbur, he said-" The heterochromatic eyes grow wide and he looks up at Clay with a desperate plea, signaling all parties that they need to leave immediately.

They leave quickly, waving a small goodbye to Nick, ignoring his calls for goodbye hugs. Each step to the car feels long to all men, set on edge by Georges' growing anxiety and disgruntled packmate pheromones.

Nobody complains about Clays' speed as he whips onto the highway, each mouth closed and silent as they move towards Georges' apartment. An impressive top-speed of one hundred and ten miles per hour and the crew arrive at the little apartment building, barely parking before George is leaping out with all his stuff in his hands and an unsettling look in his eye.

Clay and Karl call their goodbyes to the rushing man, waiting until he was safe in the apartment to leave. They pull out of the guest spot in silence, tense air clearing as the man drenched in the pulse-spiking scent of anxiety had left the car.

"I'll text him later, see what's going on." Clays' reassurance is followed by a comforting hand rubbing soft circles on the tall omegas' thigh.

The gut-wrenching text from his brother is what's going on, the phone in his hand spelling doom for the heterochromatic omega.

It reads, "*Mom and dad want to call us tonight, I'll be at your place in thirty.*" With nothing following it to ease the budding anxiety.

The brunette doesn't acknowledge the man in his apartment until the man speaks up.

"Dude, what's wrong? You fuckin' reek." Alex stands in his small kitchen with the gray cat curled happily in his arms, looking the picture of domestic comfort. George drops his phone in surprise, eyes whipping to assess the man in his home.

Only when he recognizes the face and voice, finally connecting the obvious dots, does he bend to pick up his phone. A once over inspection for cracks later and the omega sits on his couch, attempting to relax but posture staying rigid.

The annoying beta shuffles over to his couch, plopping down unceremoniously in the recliner next to George, still holding the cat in his arms.

"Dude, seriously, what the fuck? You smell terrible, I thought you were with your alpha or something." Alex sniffs the air again before his eyes harden to something uncharacteristically serious, "Did he hurt you? I'll fuckin' kill-"

"No, Christ, no!" The omega puts a stop to that train of thought, pushing Alex back into the chair he had been slowly rising from. "Just- just some family stuff. My brother will be here any minute, think you can clear out?"

“Yeah, of course. Your little kitty here might like me more soon, watch out Georgie,” The beta puts an accent on his name, forcing a genuine smile and laugh from George. “Good, you smiled. Now, I expect all the tea over heavy drinks later, your treat?” He laughs as he sets the cat down on his warm spot on the blue recliner, grabbing his keys from near the door as he makes his exit.

When he throws the door open a tall alpha man looks in the process of knocking, staring down incredulously at the beta who opened the door before his knuckles made contact.

“That’s my leave, see ya, Gogs!” The beta slips under the giant form of Wilbur, using his raised arm to duck under and escape just a door over. Wilbur watches the barefoot man open his apartment door, standing stock still as the short brunet beta throws him a wink and a smile.

Georges’ head turns at break-neck speeds to see his brother entering the apartment, large height ducking underneath the short door frame.

“Fuck, thought I’d have more time,” He says it to himself, but Wilbur hears. “Hi, Bie.”

He meets the brunet alpha at the door, wrapping his pale arms around the familiar torso in a gentle hug. When arms wrap back around him does he finally relax, the nostalgic protection washing over him in warm tides.

“Come in, come in!” George shuts the door and brings his brother fully inside, leading him to the recliner Alex was previously on, going back to lock the entrance and grab water from the fridge.

George finds his cat residing in Wilbur’s lap, the stylish outfit ruined by tufts of gray fur. Setting the water down on the coffee table, he finally sits down and relaxes his body into the cushioning.

Their peaceful moment of silence breaks with the buzzing of Wilbur’s phone, similar to how the quiet trance from earlier was broken. Georges’ mind reels at the thought, that in less than an hour his entire mood has been ruined and uprooted.

Wilbur answers it without hesitating, moving the cat to stand and place himself on the couch next to George, using the water to prop his phone up and show their parents both of them together.

“Hi, mom, dad.” Wilbur says, nudging the star-struck omega to greet them as well. All he can manage is a small wave.

“Hello, William.” George watches his brother attempt to cover a cringe upon hearing his birth name. “Hello, George.”

Spikes of anxiety roll through his pale body, skin breaking out with goosebumps and internal temperature rising with fear. He wipes the sweat from his palms on his pants.

“Hi, mom. Hi, dad.” He finally gives them a small greeting, nervous smile playing onto his face as the air heavies with dread. Wilbur puts a comforting hand on the back of his neck, slowing rubbing the tension from his neck.

“God, you baby him. Don’t you see he’ll never grow up?” His mother’s voice invades the comforting thoughts he had been enjoying with the soothing hand on his neck, shaking him from the fantasy and back into reality.

“You’re pissed if you think he’ll ever-” Wilbur opens his mouth to cut their father off, but George strikes first.

“I’m right fucking here, thank you.” He doesn’t need to see Wilbur’s expression to smell his pride,

the hand squeezing his nape in a faux pat on the back for standing up to them.

“America has made you manky, shut your mouth and listen to what we have to say.” His dad butts in again, clear anger rising from the pixels on the screen. Wilbur nudges him as he’s about to open his mouth again, silent plea to stay quiet and get this ordeal over with.

“We wanted to talk to you about Niki,” The alpha next to him tenses every muscle in his body, locking his jaw to keep it shut and fingers flexing in restraint in his lap. The comforting hand on Georges’ neck falls.

“We’ve found an omega for you, she’s beautiful. She’s smart, pretty, and we’re good friends with the family.” There’s the real purpose behind this call or proposed arrangement, to make amends in social standings that both sons have ruined.

“We’ve found an alpha for you, George. They’re an old connection but that alpha is strong, rich, handsome. Couldn’t get better for your kind, could it?” His mother delivers this news to him, her deadpan words ricocheting through the omega.

Wilbur starts first, “I’m staying with Niki. End of the story.” His curt words garner exasperated scoffs from their parents, followed with overlapping rebuttals and arguments.

“I’ve found an alpha here, so, no thank you.” George slips that into the chaos of his parents arguing, expecting it to go quietly unheard much like everything else he has ever said.

The noise on the other end of the line goes dead for a couple seconds, blanketing the room in stomach-churning dread.

“We should have never let you go to the states, of course you got knocked up again!” Those words cut deep into the walls he’s thrown up, each syllable chipping into the brick with expert ease.

“I did not get knocked up!” The omega yells, face turning red and posture straightening as he prepares for a fight. “Fuck you! I didn’t get knocked up the first time, I was raped! You didn’t care if I died that night, you cared about your reputation! I’ve found an alpha here, and a pack, and you can go fuck yourself!”

Wilbur makes a motion to stop George, which is easily shrugged off. He continues in the silence of his parents, the surface tension of his emotional water glass finally breaking with this last drop.

“You have been every reason things have gone wrong in my life, and I came here to get the fuck away from you! You didn’t ‘let me’ go to the states, I left because I’m an adult and not some puny omega son you can forget about anymore! I’m a person- I’m-” Teardrops begin to litter on the collar of his alphas’ hoodie.

A strong arm circles his shoulders, pulling his crying form into a strong body. Wilbur shushes him like a baby, rubbing circles onto his back, rocking them slowly.

Wilbur looks at the phone over the omegas’ shaking shoulders, glaring obviously at their parents. “We are done here, if you want to talk, you can talk to me. You’re done with George.”

“Oh, son, we are not done. Do not talk to us like that.” Their mother matches his hard-eyed glare, rocky-brown eyes staring directly at Wilbur.

“We are done. I’m staying with Niki, which means Minx as well- I know it’s really her that you have an issue with,” He cuts off their fathers objection to Wilbur’s resolution, the coming protest shut down immediately. “I want Niki, Niki wants me and Minx, and I’m good with that. You need

to get your heads out of your arses and crawl out of mine.”

“It’s not uncommon nowadays for polygamous mates, you’re just refusing to grow up. You either accept me and Gogs for who we are or never see your kids again.” George stirs in Wilbur’s chest, shifting his crying face to look up at his brother.

His line of sight meets with the bottom of his strong chin, the reds in his skin appearing brownish-gray, each splotch of colour buried by his colourblindness. The dotting of unseeable colour alerts George to the true emotional state of his brother, each cluster a forming of stress hives. Light tear drops hit Georges’ scalp, wetting the roots of his hair with salty kisses.

“You are making the wrong choice, William. Staying with your brother,” George tries and fails to not take it personally. “Picking that omega, going to America. Where did we go wrong?”

The omega whips his head around to the phone, breaking from the comforting embrace of his brother to stare at his mother. She looks as startled as the brunette does.

George meets her eyes, searching for something. Something to show him that she has real emotion, that she just needs help understanding them. He turns up empty when she glares at him.

The fleeting hope that his mother cares escapes like a breeze on a hot day, the moment ruined by the overwhelming heat that woman emits with every breath. The true sadness he heard in her voice when asking where they went wrong disappears as soon as it was said.

“We shouldn’t have let you online, should not have sent you to that bloody public school.” George tucks his head back into Wilbur, ignoring the urge to argue that they did nothing wrong other than be *terrible fucking parents*.

The pair shifts as the alpha reaches for the propped-phone, looking down at their parents for the last time.

“Goodbye, mom, dad. Please don’t talk to George again, and don’t talk to me.” He doesn’t wait for a response before hanging up, tossing the phone somewhere on the rest of the couch.

The previously stoic body deflates into the cushions, shuddering breaths filling the air as he recoils from that call. Every tense muscle relaxes at once, shaking the foundation George had been resting on and leaning the cuddling pair back into the couch.

“I’m sorry, Gogs. I did not know that’s what it was about.” His deep voice rumbles sincere apologies, rumbling them both with each vibration. Slender fingers find their way into his brunette hair, scratching at the scalp in comforting strokes.

The air swells with clean vanilla and honey apples, mixing well with the coffee and fresh laundry to smell like a Sunday morning that once was.

Chapter End Notes

would i be me if i didnt beg for comments and kudos? pls leave them i need them to
function and feel wanted
this is so rushed and terrible and im running out of ideas fuck
[my twitter](#)

a puzzle piece you didn't know was missing

Chapter Summary

the boys have gone home and its just sap and dream again, all alone.

very bad feelings and shenanigans

Chapter Notes

i am sorry this is a week late but i was on spring break and didnt want to do anything at all

but here you are some dreamnap for food

i did not proof read this i am so sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The door to the shared apartment opens, revealing a disheveled Clay without any omegas in tow. Frown lines frame his face, stress and unhappiness rolling off of him in waves as he shuffles through the door.

The lock lightly clicks in place, the loop of his sweats catching in the door handle as he tries to move away. The slight inconvenience opens the floodgates, tears spilling over the threshold and down his face, spotting lightly on his hoodie.

A soft patter of feet alerts Clay to the incoming arms, a stout brunet form wrapping around his shaking shoulders with a quiet rumble. He limply wraps his tan hands around Nick, clutching the back of the large hoodie, pulling the shorter man closer as his body shakes.

Tears wet the fabric of Nicks' left shoulder, deep sniffles covered by his incessant rumbling and shushing. He slips a hand into the blond hair, letting dull fingers scratch at the scalp, feeling the weight of Clay drop more and more into his hold as his body relaxes.

With a gentle shuffling, Nick moves them onto the thoroughly loved couch, settling the larger body into the nook of the cushions, shielding him from the outside world with his shoulders. The shorter alpha shifts them so Clay curls into his chest, giant height collapsing onto his torso with racking sobs.

After ten minutes of continued crying, his body ceases its shaking and his breathing evens into something more normal, occasional sniffing the only evidence of crying.

Nick takes this time to peer down at the man on his chest, rumbling purr halting when he opens his mouth to speak. "What's going on?" He hoists the blond farther up, smothering his nose into the bitten gland resting on his neck, rubbing him into the concentrated scent of pack.

"It just feels so empty wit-without them," The blond says, wet words breaking with a hiccup as saying it brings the crying back. "To have them for days and then to have them leave, it-it-," A wet

cough interrupts him, mucous he swallowed fighting to make its way back up with his words.

“I know it’s because they don’t live here, but even knowing them for just a few days, ju-just feels like I’ve known them for years and they’ve always been a part of me, you know?” Glassy green eyes gaze up at the male holding him, meeting the chin covered in stubble as Nick stares at the ceiling.

“Like you’ve found a piece in a puzzle you didn’t know you were missing.” Nick says, not breaking his contact with the ceiling as his words vibrate through Clay.

“I want to be strong, Nick, I do. I want to be that strong head alpha, but I just don’t think I can,” A self-deprecating laugh emerges from him. “I can’t even handle letting two omegas go home, how can I handle anything else?”

The shorter brunet alpha suddenly shifts them up, moving them so they sit up on the couch, facing each other. Reassuring hands grip the sides of his face, forcing them to meet eye to eye.

“Don’t speak like that about yourself, dumbass, you know that’s not true,” The fire in Nicks’ eyes startles the blond, who opens his mouth to defend his insecurities. Nick promptly cuts the words off, “You’re an absolutely amazing head alpha, as much as I say you’re not. You’ve kept me going for years and two amazing omegas look up to you because you’re *you* not because you’re the head alpha. You’ve got a quality that people enjoy, dumbass.”

Nick stares directly into his eyes as he speaks, watching the green cloud with tears that spill again as he continues.

“I didn’t bite you because I thought you were bad, idiot, I bit you because I knew I would be okay being your best friend for eternity. You’re the only man I’d ever play second fiddle for, Clay, know that.” A smile breaks on the cherry sandalwood males face, yellowing teeth gleaming proudly in the light of the apartment.

The brunet places a light kiss on the crying males mouth, pulling away to look into his eyes with a fierce protectiveness.

The delicate peck startles Clay from his stupor, launching his slumped form at Nick to smother him in a full body hug. Tan arms wrap around the shorter males neck, toppling the pair onto the couch, pinning Nick to the cushions. Clay adjusts so he sits on the thick thighs, back arched awkwardly as he buries his nose into the gland resting on the Texans’ neck.

Nick wiggles a little to settle into the new hold, allowing Clay to pin him in a bone-crushing hug. The smushes his face against the fabric of Nicks’ hoodie, rubbing his scent onto the item of clothing before moving onto the gland itself.

The skin around the gland vibrates when Clay begins to speak, “Thank you so much, bro, for everything. I knew I chose right when I picked you, there’s no one to make me happier as my second in command than you.”

They stay like that for a minute before Clays’ back begins to scream in protest of the awkward angle. He reluctantly hops off the shorter alpha, smoothing his rumpled clothing as he stands. Green eyes light with joy watching Nick struggle to push his body from the crook in the couch, cushions swallowing his body whole with each movement.

Eventually, he offers a hand, only after his amusement capped out and the struggling became worrisome. With a strong tug, the lean tan arms pull the brunet from his couch cage and onto his

feet.

With both men on their feet, Clay surveys the home, cringing at the mess left by living with four college aged men. Unable to resist, he starts to move along the apartment, grabbing various articles of clothing and plates from every imaginable surface.

Nick stretches, popping the vertebrae in his back with a satisfying click as he watches the blond cleanup. He leaves a comforting slap on Clays' shoulder when he passes by, dragging his feet to their shared bedroom to let the alpha clean on his own.

Each methodical movement of his body quiets the pit in his mind, falling into the routine of putting plates into the dishwasher and dropping clothes into the hamper to be done later.

A cleaner hovel later and Clay joins Nick in their room, dropping his tired body on the large bed next to the shorter alpha.

"Feels empty."

"Yeah, it does."

Neither man is sure who said what, both men having the same thoughts as they settle into the comforter. They drift off, leaving the lights on as they snuggle into each other.

Sunlight streams through the covered window, stirring Clay from his slumber. The man next to him remains asleep, face painted with soft light, skin glowing with sun. He peers at the clock through blurry eyes, sluggish hands coming to wipe the sleep crusties from his eyes. The red numbers blink eight thirty-seven in the morning, the time registering in his mind with a shock.

He shakes Nick, who bleary looks up at the blond with foggy eyes, slapping a hand on his face to cover the sunlight beaming into his eyes. "Whadoyawan'?" He slurs, moving to turn over and sleep again.

"Dude it's nearly nine. You have work at ten and I know how long it takes to get ready." Clay shakes him a little, earning a swat from the younger. It takes a second before the smaller form pops up, eyes wide awake and filled with fear.

"Holy fuck it's what? I thought the fuckin' alarm would wake us up, God bless America!" He scrambles to unwrap his body from the sheets, stumbling to race out of bed and into the bathroom. The heavy sound of feet pound through the apartment, annoying the tenants below without a doubt.

The sound of water running immediately after the bathroom door opens accompanied with a loud, "Fuck that's colder than a polar bears tampon!" from Nick, spurs Clay to begin moving as well.

The blond enters the bathroom, the door still cracked from the frantic rush of the brunet. He wets Nicks' toothbrush and adds toothpaste, handing it through the shower curtain to the male, who shouts, "Thank you!", before doing the same to his own toothbrush.

Steam begins to collect in the bathroom as the water warms, the hurried movements slowing down to begin one of Nicks' famous hour-long showers. Tan hands take the toothbrush back from the male when he offers it through the shower curtain, setting the hygienic on the counter as he spits his own toothpaste out.

"I'll come get you in fifteen minutes, if you're not out and drying off I will dump ice on you!" Clay hollers as he leaves the sauna, chuckling when he hears a frantic, *Not again!*

The shower turns off in time for Nick to be saved from ice cubes, emerging from the steam wrapped in a towel with one in his hair. Clay points to the uniform resting on the bed, getting up to clean himself up too.

Thankfully, his threat of ice and job security left enough hot water for a mildly satisfying shower. He scrubs shampoo into his greasy scalp, soap washing away the last of the pack smell he had been basking in. The lingering smell of Georges' shampoo from his last shower whisks down the drain, realization setting in that the male has not showered in a couple of days.

Blunt nails dig into the grime resting in hair for a second time, double washing the dirt and filth to ensure cleanliness. He squirts some conditioner on his hand and rubs it into the longer strands, avoiding the roots to prevent oiling up an already oily scalp.

He takes the time to start on his body, grabbing the bath puff and layering it with the nice-smelling soap while the conditioner sets in his hair. Dragging the bath puff along his body, he presses into the skin until it turns red and not a shred of dirt remains, overly hard scrubbing brandishing him bright-pink.

Only when the water begins to run cold does he dunk back under the spray, rinsing the conditioner from his hair and the last of his skin cells down the drain. He turns it off and steps out, grabbing the green towel left for him on the rack and giving his body a once-over pass. The same joy of his previous shower with George leaves him aching for the male back.

With a towel around his waist and a new small towel in his hair, he leaves the bathroom for the second time this morning with a raw awareness and rawer skin. Nick spastically checks around the apartment for his work boots, cereal bar in hand to fuel his desperate search.

The coveralls of the mechanics outfit fits snug on his stout body, blue material moving along with him. Even after countless washes, the same grease stains remain along the body.

"Have you seen my-," Nick asks, turning to face Clay, eyes resisting the urge to rake up and down the shiny and barely clothed form.

"They're in the office, where you left them when you decided to crash on the papasan instead of the bed like a moron." The blond cuts him off, rolling his eyes with a smile as the brunet rushes past him. A loud *aha!* tells Clay that he was right and the boots were there, waiting to be worn again.

Some concerning grunts from the room later and Nick stomps out, boots on and a proud smile on his face. The cereal bar is gone but the crumbs remain, messing spilling onto his stubble and clothing.

Clay lands a hand on his ass when he passes by again, causing Nick to surge forward and yelp.

"Dude, you're gonna alert the guards! The clap of my ass cheeks!" He giggles out the words, forcing a tea kettle wheeze from the taller. The wheezing continues until his lungs are out of air, and only an awkward hiccup signals his laughter.

"K-eyes are on the cou-nter," Clay points, words broken with hiccups, though the laughter stopped.

Nick follows his finger until he sees them, walking to grab them before stepping towards the door. He opens it and tips his make-believe hat like a terrible fifties-era sitcom, smiling as he closes the door with a telltale click.

The blond walks to the window, watching his packmate pull out of the parking spot and drive off

to his mechanics shop. With the car out of sight, the apartment falls into an unfamiliar silence. The start of another Monday means everyone begins work again, blissful weekend over too quick to be appreciated.

He heads back to their room to change into comfortable clothes, hanging the towel back up in the bathroom along the way. Entering the office, he starts the computer to officially clock in his work-time and start his pay before leaving the office to make breakfast. Perks of working from home; no one knows when you're working.

One sad breakfast and a lot of glances at empty seats later, he returns to finally begin working for the day. Working alone, for the first time in days, in the still quiet of an empty apartment.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos fuel me

[my twitter](#)

i am sorry this is terrible i wrote it in like 2 hours and didnt proofread it

orange blossom honey

Chapter Summary

George and Karl meet up by coincidence and bond a little bit

Chapter Notes

Thank you very much to Mox, who reads my shit to make sure theres no typos and just encourages me to continue writing!

i tried to include what ppl wanted in this chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An emotionally eventful night behind him, George geared up for work for the first time since the heat that brought him his soulmate. The methodical machine of his body moves with practiced ease, dressing in the pathetically nerdy button up reading his companies logo and khaki pants, the blue of the shirt thankfully seen by his hindered eyes.

With one last spot check in the mirror, he slips on the tennis shoes waiting by the door, petting a needy cat as she lays by the pile of shoes near the exit. Her food bowl lays rifled through, though she whines as if her empty stomach ails her; what a drama queen.

The brunette shoots a text to his brother, who sleeps peacefully on the bed they shared last night, bidding him a goodbye and instructions for what to do if he leaves the apartment. It reads, *'knock on the neighbours door, Alex, and tell him to lock it. He has a key, so dw u can also stay as long as u like ill be back at like five, bye love u'*.

Stepping out of his apartment with one last scratch on the gray cat's head, he locks the door behind him, slinging the laptop bag over both shoulders before descending the stairs one step at a time. Behind him, his cat scratches at the door, lonely after spending the last few days away from her human. With a heavy heart, he continues down the stairs and to the bus stop to sit and wait for the bus, in the cold of a lonely morning.

He pulls a jacket from the expanse of his laptop bag, slipping the warming fabric to block out the Florida winter chill, the false advertising of a constantly warm state apparent as he shivers. The bus arrives soon enough, the door opens with the same squeak as every bus, wheels flexing a bit more when he steps on.

The bus card beeps with a depressing resound, telltale sign of an impending work day setting deeper in with the little sound. The seats miraculously remain open, though he opts to stand and avoid awkward interactions if someone needs the bus seat. They begin to move, him and the faceless crowd, with a full body jolt as the vehicle moves and all those standing clutch the bar tighter to keep upright.

The routine repeats, stopping to let people on and off until they reach the first stop in his usual morning journey. He departs with a wave to the familiar driver, exiting to walk another block to the

parking lot holding his favourite bakery, opening the door to delicious warmth and a familiar scent.

Familiar in that it holds freshly baked pastries and familiar in that his new favourite omega resides behind the counter, drenching the bakery in orange and cream honey that lights up at the sight of George.

“Georgie!” The omega all but leaps from behind the counter, hurriedly rushing to meet the shorter brunette in an enveloping hug. He signals to a coworker- a man at the counter, who just sighs and does as told.

“Karl? How long have you worked here?” George asks, returning the hug and inhaling deeply, pathetically already missing the scent of pack, despite the short amount of separation.

“I own this place!” George pulls back from the hug and looks wide-eyed at the smiling man, unbelieving of his words. “Normally, I’m back in the bakery actually baking but I wanted to give the cashier a chance to bake- he wants to be a baker so I’m letting him try it out!”

Karl steps back to let George order, talking to the aforementioned coworker, with a name tag reading Johnathan and a scent that smells undoubtedly omega. A giant omega, but an omega nonetheless.

The taller omega steps in when George tries to pay, telling the cashier to put it on the house with a blinding flash of teeth. The man once again complies, handing George a receipt despite not paying for the pastry.

The pair move down to the end of the display case, Karl wrapping his arms around George from behind, resting his chin on the boney shoulder, uncaring of the laptop bag on the brunette’s back. George looks around with frantic eyes, searching for judgement stares to ruin his morning.

He comes up empty, general early morning public too tired to care about two omegas showing affection in the corner of an authentic bakery. The British male lets himself relax into the embrace of his packmate, leaning back into the arms, turning his nose into the exposed neck to inhale deeply.

“Sit down, this one may take awhile,” Karl says behind him, warm breath hitting the shell of his ear. “The kid doesn’t really know how to make things efficiently, especially a Bakewell pudding- very British choice, by the way.”

Karl releases him to sit at a free table near the end of the bakery, motioning for the pale man to sit too. He complies, sitting down opposite of the baker, slinging his laptop bag into his lap for safe keeping.

“I didn’t know you baked,” George says, eyes downcast at the table. He had never been alone with the Virginian man, unsure of how to proceed with conversation.

“Oh, yeah! I’ve wanted to bake for as long as I was alive, but my parents said no. Media and stuff was another interest of mine so I went to college for that, studied for about two years before I realised that I would never be totally happy doing that for my life- so, I left. Dropped out, packed all my shit, got a move on.

A friend of mine, Jimmy, is an entrepreneur of sorts and helped me fund this whole thing. I settled in Florida because something told me to in my gut, and thank god I did. Met you guys here, which has been like- like one of the best things to happen to me!” Karl continued to talk, taking small

pauses to breathe before finishing with a smile.

“What about you? You look all nerdy-techy in that,” Karl asked, motioning with his hands to the company attire. “All this talking makes me realise I don’t actually know much about the intricacies of you.”

“You want to know the intricacies- of me?” George asks slowly, confused as to the taller male’s interest. He receives an enthusiastic nod from across the table, his pale hands swept up by tanner hands, which hold and don’t let go.

“Uhm, well- I attended university for computer science, and I work as a network engineer. My parents wanted me to settle down and be a pretty housewife, but obviously I was not okay with that,” His tone dips into something more resentful. “My brother, Wilbur, took care of me most of my teenage years. Our parents didn’t want an omega, they wanted another shining alpha like him, so they didn’t care for me much after I presented.

Well, not exactly. They cared for me if I would be a proper omega, which I wouldn’t. So, Wilbur basically raised me. I decided to study computer science to piss them off, since they hated that I spent so much time in my room on my computer. Kind of funny to me, actually.” George chuckled, brought out of his rant by hands squeezing gently on his own.

“I went home last night because they called me and my brother and I told them to get out of my life. It was way more cathartic than I thought- you know, they pushed me to do terrible things to myself? Stupid bastards, doing that to me. Looking back, I can’t believe I let them.” His pale hands tighten around Karl’s in anger, teeth gritting in frustration.

George looks up from the table to meet soft gray eyes, brimming with tears and a tight lock in his jaw. The look startles the brunette from his rant, anger overcoming his rationality as he spilled his guts to his packmate. Something about the atmosphere tore down his usual walls, allowing the other omega to peer into his past with caution.

“I had planned on eventually bringing all our families together for some big meet and greet, basically, but fuck your family. The only reason I’d invite them is to beat the shit outta them.” He says it with all seriousness, leaving nothing to the imagination, though dropping an intrusive thought in the older male’s brain.

A young alpha steps out of the bakery door, wide smile and soft scent the two features George hones in on before glancing at the pastry in his hand.

“I heard this was for a special person, so I had to make it perfect!” The British accent throws George for a loop, confusing him more as to the identity of this person.

“Thank you, Toby! I’m sure it’ll be delicious.” Karl gives the boy a pat on the back, gracefully taking the pastry and grabbing a napkin to set it on. The boy seems to vibrate with the praise, a small wiggle in his posture as he waits for the man to take a bite of it.

Pushing through his confusion and various questions, he lifts the special made pastry to his mouth to bite. Upon hitting his tongue, he basically inhales the baked good with the fervor of a starving man.

“That tasted like home.” George says after roughly chewing, wiping his mouth on the napkin to appear presentable.

“I tried to make it like my mother taught me, which is the true British way.” Pride leaks into his

high voice, British accent a breath of fresh air after listening to nothing but Americans speak.

“I think you’ve nailed it. Chuffed to bits with it!” George throws in some familiar slang, watching the young alpha light up at the praise and familiar wordage. Though a phrase George never uses, the reaction from the youth proves its worth.

The young alpha, Toby, all but bounces back to the bakery, leaving Karl and George alone again.

“Chuffed to bits? That’s the most british thing I’ve heard from you yet!” The baker laughs, lifting his hands to his mouth to cover the sound. George just rolls his eyes, pulling out his phone to check the time.

“Fuck, I needed to leave like ten minutes ago- shit, I’m going to be late!” He jumps up from his seat, the chair legs scraping against the floor with an attention drawing noise. He ignores the looks he receives from customers, grabbing his bag and trying desperately to clean up the table.

Karl grabs his wrist, stopping his panicky movements. “I’ll drive you, don’t worry. Should be faster than the city bus, right?” The man rises with George, pulling him into a warm hug. “Don’t worry, I’ll get you there!” He says it loudly in his ear and the brunette finds he doesn’t mind this loud presence wrapped around him.

George nods in relief when Karl lets him go, slinging the laptop back on his back instead of holding it in his hand. The Virginian leaves the smaller omega for a minute to find his keys in the breakroom, sudden loss of comforting presence thrusting George into an existential cold, not unfamiliar to the feelings of abandonment this morning.

The taller male returns with jingling keys in hand and a jacket replacing the standard apron uniform of the bakery, the blue fabric of both the uniform and jacket a gentle relief for his strained eyes.

The owner leads them through the employer exit of the building, taking George back through the bakery section for a moment. Giant ovens cover all sides, along with mixers that stand at roughly his height, unlocking a new fear; ending up in one of those mixers.

He spots Toby at the mixer, dumping various ingredients in what seems to be a premeditated way, some baking method that requires certain orders of ingredients or the whole batch fails. The young alpha looks up at the movement, waving an excited hello with a large grin before turning back to the giant bowl. Something like honey drips from the measuring cup he holds, slinking slowly down in a mesmerizing fashion, enamouring the heterochromatic man.

“Dude, you there?” Karl tugs on the sleeve of his jacket lightly, startling George from his stupor. He looks around to assess where they are, quickly coming to and returning to reality.

“Yeah, fuck, my bad. I got caught in staring at the honey.” George looks at Karl to find tears in the younger man's eyes.

“That’s orange blossom honey, it’s local from some friends around here,” He takes a wet breath. “It smells almost exactly like me, you were probably getting confused.”

The mismatched eyes widen and look to the honey to look back at the man. With one quick sniff, George can see the resemblance.

“Oh Georgie,” He draws out the words with dramatic pauses. “You look at me like that?” His voice turns shrill like an anime girl and George rolls his eyes. The younger man attacks the brit in a hug, rubbing their cheeks together.

“God, weirdo.” The words held nothing malicious and George made no attempt to free himself of the embrace, just made a mental note to buy the honey.

“Okay, okay, let’s go.” Karl said, releasing the smaller man by everything but the hand, leading them out the door finally to the cold air of a Florida winter morning.

The male takes them to a silver 2019 Toyota Camry, slapping the hood like a terrible meme before unlocking it with a loud beep. The body bends and curves with little dents from door dings or sloppy passengers, scratches coating the fenders, evidence of hitting one too many curbs in such a low car.

George walks to the wrong side of the car, earning a snicker from the driver as he walks to the appropriate passenger side, sliding in with relative ease. The cloth seats retain some of the frigid air, though heat quickly with his body. Karl quickly turns the car on with an engine sputter, air vents blasting them with cold air as they attempt to heat up.

Pulling out of the spot, the darker-haired brunette directs them to his work building with practiced ease. Karl drops him off and leaves him with an anticlimactic goodbye, leaving the male alone to face work once more.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos fuel me [my twitter as always](#)
hopefully this is good enough

morphine drips and sunlit hospital rooms

Chapter Summary

Nick has an accident at work that causes everyone to freak out and worry one very blond alpha to death.

Chapter Notes

hi hello sorry for the week wait, i had state testing and zero motivation last week but i am BACK now baby
thank you Vx_islive on twt for giving me so many ideas for new chapters because im literally out of ideas and thank you mox for always being so excited when a new chapter comes out
my twt is at the bottom as always

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The call comes approximately four minutes after signing out for a lunch break, promising his superiors that, yes, he would come back to work after eating. His allotted thirty minutes starts at two-forty-three in the afternoon and at two-forty-seven it all comes crashing down.

The phone in his tan hand rings briefly, the contact name of *Pandas Boss* displaying on the screen. Clay sets his food down and answers immediately to hear the exasperated cries of the forty-eight year old beta male ringing through the speaker.

“Clay! You’re Nicks’ mate right?” He asks, out of breath, panic evident in his voice. The tone begins to freak the blond alpha out.

“Yeah, he’s my packmate. Is something wrong?” Faint sirens sound through the phone, cut off and coming through at intervals as the apple product attempts to filter outside noise from the conversation.

“We’re loading him into an ambulance, his left leg got caught under a car after the car jack failed, pieces of the metal also got lodged in his stomach-,” The words fade out of existence and stop registering, his packmate grievously injured and facing it alone.

Clay leaps up from the couch, food forgotten and Patches disturbed from her slumber nearby at the commotion, curious head following his frantic movements as he rushes to the office, phone in hand.

He types furiously at the keyboard, alerting his bosses to the situation before logging out for good for the day, not waiting on a response or permission. Nicks’ boss continues on speaking, unbothered by any noise on Clays’ end of the receiver.

“The paramedics say it’s good that we called as soon as we did and we didn’t try to move him or nothin’, they think he’s gonna be okay but I figured you should know what happened.” The panic

in his voice sounds more like lawsuit panic, worried about suing from the pack as to the apparent negligence of safely usable materials.

“Where’s he staying at? What hospital?” He asks while slipping on his tennis shoes, uncaring of the sweatpants and hoodie in public, only thought on his mind to get to Nick. A lead-heavy ball settles in his stomach, weighing down his movements to no avail.

“AdventHealth-,” Clay hangs up to focus on leaving, tying his shoes and scrambling to leave. He grabs his phone and slips it into his pocket along with his wallet, grabbing his apartment keys to lock the door on his way out.

With distraught knocking, his neighbouring apartment resident opens up his door in pajamas.

“Clay?” His eyes squint from the harsh light and lack of glasses, bathrobed form standing in the doorway.

“Darryl, can I borrow your car? Nick is in the hospital and he has the only car and I need to get there, please-,” Before Clay can ask any further, Darryl hands him the keys hanging next to the door, nose twitching and recoiling at the sour distress pouring off of the blond in waves. “Thank you, so much, you have no idea-,” Darryl cuts him off.

“Just bring Nick back safe and preferably, don’t crash the car!” The beta closes the door, leaving Clay with the keys. Not a second passes before he vaults down the stairs, looking for the green Toyota 4Runner, pressing the button and following the noise to find the vehicle.

Upon location, he hops inside and puts the key in the ignition, turning and hoping the old car turns over in the cold weather. After a few seconds of diminishing hope, it starts with a sputter and cold air rushes from the vents. More accurately, from the right vent on the drivers side, as the other ones refuse to work.

Instead of waiting for the car to warm like normal, he speeds off and out of the spot with reckless abandon. The controls of the vehicle operate differently than his own car, reacting slower and taking precious time from reaching Nick as he overcomes the learning curve. The brakes whine when he steps on them and the accelerator needs a heavy step to force it to work, but any car that allowed him to reach Nick faster worked for him.

Speeding down the highway at the maximum speed the car allows, around seventy miles per hour, brings Clay to the hospital within fifteen minutes of leaving their apartment. The visitor lot stands over fifty feet from the entrance, the road akin to a treadmill as every step seems to keep him rooted in place, asphalt rotating under his shoes and perpetual running towards the hospital only to keep it a solid fifty feet away.

Though in a second, he stands in the emergency room waiting area, puffing out of breath when he walks up to the nurse on duty. Her face shifts into something concerned at his lack of breath, about to call for a team to take care of this alphas’ obvious heart attack.

Clay holds up one finger and rests his other hand on his knee, taking a moment to inhale heavily and regain control of his diaphragm. After a short period of resting, he says to the less concerned nurse, “I have a pack member in here, how would I get to him?”

She looks vaguely surprised, face masking her emotions poorly, startled by this young man having a packmate. “What’s his name?” She asks, turning her hands onto her keyboard.

“Nicholas Moore, twenty years old, alpha,” He spits out the information rapid fire and her hands move on the keys, nodding when she finds the answer to his question.

“He’s in surgery right now, he shouldn’t be much longer. Do you have proof of mateship?” She turns back to face him, looking expectantly for the proof she requires. The blond nods and bares his neck, exposing the bite mark in the shape of Nicks’ teeth.

“I need paper proof, that could be any bite,” The brunette beta holds her hand out and Clay whips out his wallet, handing over his drivers license and turning it to show her Nicks’ registration into his pack. She looks carefully, scrutinizing it heavily before accepting it and pointing back into the waiting room for family members in surgery.

The alpha rushes off, ignoring the common courtesy to say thank you in order to reach his person, his alpha, sooner. The blue plastic seats creak uncomfortably when he sits, worn material groaning in protest from another person pushing it closer to disrepair.

He pulls out his phone and checks the time, three-seventeen in the afternoon, and opens it to alert the rest of their little pack. He types:

*hey, nickie is in the hospital
he is in surgery and should be out soon
had an accident at work but he will be okay
im not gonna tell yall the hospital until he’s
out of surgery, im sorry*

His text meets heavy protest from the other males in the group, responses almost immediate after sending, as if the men knew something was wrong and were about to check in. He ignores any texts sent after his original, hands shaking too violently to form any words, whether he wanted to or not.

With his elbows on his knees and posture hunched over in the terrible blue seat, he stares at the ground, green eyes tracing the imaginary patterns in the tile to pass the time and help him focus.

After another hour of ignoring the buzzing in his lap, a kind-looking alpha in scrubs lays a hand on his shoulder, startling him from his dissociation.

“Are you here for Nicholas Moore?” He asks, voice matching his appearance and soft words reassuring the alpha greatly. Clay just frantically nods his head, unable to form sentences.

“He’s out of surgery and is expected to make a full recovery,” Tears pour from the alphas’ green eyes, relieved sobs wracking his lean body. “There were nine pieces of rusty metal in his gut, everything on the surface so there’s no permanent damage. We gave him a tetanus shot for the rust. Now, about his leg,” His voice changes from reassuring to worried.

“His left femur had a comminuted fracture, something we don’t usually see in a bone like the femur. We suspect the sudden weight of the car dropping on this area caused it to shatter around here,” The doctor circles an area on his own middle thigh to demonstrate. “This type of fracture needs surgery to correct, which we have given him. There’s an intramedullary nail, or rod, inside of his femur to keep the shattered parts of bone in place and keep the bone as a whole, straight.

Normally, with stomach injuries like his, we would try and hold off on this surgery, but luckily, the metal shards didn’t pierce his abdominal cavity and his organs were untouched so we decided to operate on his leg.” The doctor continues, “The leg injury needed to be fixed almost immediately, with a fracture that bad. He’ll be in a cast for at least three months, maybe seven months at the longest. We recommend starting physical therapy as soon as possible to avoid muscle atrophy.”

Clay sits quiet through the whole explanation, processing the information as it comes in. He

remains still for a little before standing up and extending a hand to the doctor, who takes it.

“Thank you so much,” His normally humorous voice sounds wet with sobs, face rubbed raw and eyes swollen with crying. “When can I see him?”

“We put him under when he got here, so we expect he’ll wake up in an hour or two. You can stay in his room if you’d like,” The doctor says with a sympathetic smile, grip tightening in a comforting squeeze around Clays’ shaking hand.

The blond nods and the doctor wordlessly points at Nicks’ room, allowing the man to all but run to his packmate. Upon reaching the door, Clay carefully slides it open and quietly steps in, the door sliding close behind him.

The unconscious alphas’ left leg rests in a sling attached to the ceiling, upper leg wrapped in bandages and kept straight by the elevation. The hospital gown falls loosely around the body, exposing the wrappings around his abdomen, clean and white and relieving Clay to no end.

Multiple machines hook up to his body in various places, morphine drip attached at the hand along with an I.V. bag, both injecting various liquids into his body at all times. Cords come from his body, attached to a screen beeping slowly with random numbers that mean nothing to the programmer.

An idea runs quickly through his head and before he can stop it, he calls Wilbur.

The man picks up after two rings, obvious worry as to why the alpha would call. “Is everything okay?” He asks, background noise fading from the call as he walks away from the loud noise.

“I’m at the hospital, Nick got into an accident at work and just got out of surgery, and I need you to take me through all the stuff he’s connected to,” It sounds less like a request and more like a demand, but the other alpha doesn’t seem to mind.

After about fifteen minutes of explaining and reassuring, Clay hangs up with excessive thanks and returns to the bedside. The monitor, for keeping track of his heart rate, blood pressure, and respiration, beeps rhythmically to his left with a safe beep, audible proof of Nicks’ life.

The morphine drip keeps him sleeping and comfortable, though the tube drips only small amounts of the drug into his bloodstream.

His phone, which he had successfully ignored until now, suddenly explodes with incoming notifications from the group chat. Both men spamming him, asking for the hospital location and updates and the works. He responds:

*he’s out of surgery and will be fine
doc said he shattered his femur and has
a metal rod in his leg and his tummy
is fine, no perm damage there thank god
he should be waking up soon but
non packmates arent allowed back
im so sorry guys D;*

The sun begins to set in the window to the right, bathing the room in a soft yellow glow as the Florida sun starts its descent behind winter clouds and disappears into the night. Clay reckons the sun will be gone from sight in another hour or two but, for now, it comfortably illuminates the hospital room, transforming the white and vacant walls into something more familiar.

As the sunbeams dip further from sight, Nick stirs in the bed, soft groaning escaping from his dry mouth. Clay stands immediately, phone forgotten in his hand to greet the alpha emerging from sleep. He presses the call button, alerting the doctors to his awakening so they can begin their process of checking on him.

A team funnels in before Nick clears his mouth of dryness, forcing Clay to huddle in the corner and stay out of their way. Each member of the team takes on a different task, one nurse checking the staples holding the wounds in his stomach together, another nurse inspecting the drips connected to his hand, though most of the team focus on his leg.

“Hello, Nicholas, do you know where you are?” A different doctor from earlier asks, this time a pleasant omega woman. She hands him a plastic cup with a bendy straw, holding it up for him to take a sip and clear his mouth.

“Yeah, hospital. I didn’t hit my head.” Despite his terrible condition and rough voice, he cracks a joke to break up the atmosphere.

“Good, good,” She sets the cup down when the water has been emptied. “I’m going to ask you a few questions and do a few tests, are you ready?”

“Yeah, sure.” He holds his head up on the pillow to maintain a stable gaze with the doctor.

The doctor calmly asks questions, mainly about essential facts of his life to reassure that his head sustained no damage. The questions switch into facts about the accident, what he can remember from the day and as it happened.

“I was just lifting up a car to look underneath, standard stuff. Someone said they had a leak so I looked to see if anything was damaged and as I was sliding under, the left car jack broke. After that? Pain is all I remember,” The words make Clay cringe, the casual speaking about something so bone-chilling and literally bone-breaking forcing shivers up his spine.

“Okay, that’s good. I’m going to sit you all the way up and do a couple routine checks before we get you on your feet!” She reaches on the side of the bed and hits a button, the mechanical bed shifting upwards all the way to straight out his posture. The sling his leg rests in moves with the bed to keep it straight and level.

“On his feet?” Clay blurts, exasperated at the idea of forcing a man with a shattered femur to stand. She looks at him, unsurprised.

“Yes, we try to get patients on their feet as soon as we can after a surgery, to make sure they have maintained function in the limb and to avoid muscle atrophy, or decay.” Her voice explains, just as calm as the other doctor, talking Clay down from the metaphorical ledge. He nods and shuts his mouth again.

The doctor unwraps the stethoscope from her neck, placing the drum end on his chest and moving it with every breath. She wraps the tool back around her neck, instead pulling out an otoscope, adding a different end to the instrument before placing it in his ear. With a few decisive noises, she writes something down and moves on to his leg.

“Nick, we’re going to need to get you on your feet, so here’s the plan,” She starts, setting her clipboard in the slit at the edge of the bed and waving a few of the nurses out. “I’m going to lower the sling and I need you to scoot towards me and put your legs over the side of the bed.”

He nods and follows along with the instructions as they happen, getting into the desired position

for her to start again. “I’ll help you onto your feet and Clay,” She motions to the male. “You can stand behind him and make sure he doesn’t fall, but please do not help him walk in anyway.”

The blond looks eager to help his packmate back onto his feet, moving from the corner to the edge of Nicks’ bed to prepare for any eventuality. Nick nods at the alpha, confirming his readiness. The alpha nods back and begins to watch Nick struggle to stand, putting weight on his right leg first and then slowly dropping his left leg onto the floor.

“Good job, Nick!” The doctor sounds excited and motions for all but one nurse to leave. “Can you walk around for me?” He nods in her direction.

The brunet takes a step forward, then another, falling into a broken gait but a gait nonetheless. He stumbles a lap around the bed before collapsing on the other side, tired from the effort of walking.

“That’s good, very much so for an injury like that. Please don’t slouch, your staples will come undone.” He fixes his posture quickly, turning to the doctor before looking down at his stomach to check for blood. The wounds ache with the attention now on them, though morphine fights a valiant battle against the pain.

“We are going to keep you here a few more days and begin physical therapy tomorrow, take some more images of that leg of yours and get you on your way! Sound good?” The tone of her voice gives off a distinct vibe, like she used to work in pediatrics. For something so normally objectifying, the break from seriousness sounds good to Nicks’ drugged brain.

The doctor grabs the clipboard and walks out, leaving the two males alone. The sun had fully set, bathing the room in darkness broken only by the sterile lights. The visitors parking lot outside the window emptied as the last of the visitors left for home, leaving only those mated or in a pack still in the hospital rooms.

“Where’s my phone?” Nick croaks, bringing Clay back to reality to focus on the man beside him. Clay hands him the plastic bag full of belongings from the edge of the bed, leaving the separate bag full of bloody clothes at the end.

“Everyone’s worried about you, pissed off they can’t come back cuz’ they’re not pack members.” Clay laughs, checking his phone while the brunet checks his. A smile illuminates the shorter alphas’ face, bright screen glowing as he opens his messages. Plenty of worried texts from Karl, George, their neighbours, and his parents sat unopened and awaiting reading.

“Guess we’ll have to do the ceremony when I get out. Only seems fair-,” The mechanics sentence breaks with a surprise hug from the blond, gentle arms careful of the staples in his abdomen.

“Yeah,” He says, voice wet with tears and nose dripping with snot. “Thank god you can still come to it.”

Nick returns the hug, and says with a similar sob-torn voice. “God, not even dying could keep me away. Guess that’s a sore topic now, considering.” He smiles as they drop the embrace.

“Yeah, dumbass, if you died I’d revive you and then kill you myself for being so irresponsible!” The men laugh and chat for the next twenty minutes, updating parents and faux-packmates until the morphine overtakes his fragile body and the injured brunet drifts off to rest.

hello my pretties, enough angst?

comments and kudos FUELLL MEEE!!!!

[my twitter duh](#)

oiled lips and purple bite marks

Chapter Summary

Nick comes home from the hospital with his lovely head alpha in town and they... you know... do the honka honka

Chapter Notes

HIIIII its been over 2 weeks since ive posted and i apologise so hard ive just been so depressed lately omg
this chapter is dreamnap dreamnap DREAMNAP and referenced karlnotfound and actual karlnotfound

yes i made them do the honka honka im sorry i love dreamnap so much
also theres some weird.... stuff in this ... wound licking? so CW: WOUND LICKING
sorry i thought it was hot
my twt is at the bottom as always

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nick wakes before Clay, the head alpha curled into a loveseat on the left of the bed with his tan arms wrapped around his eyes. The bright light struggles to break through the closed curtains, soft light above the bed illuminating the room coolly. Rhythmic beep of the monitors accompany Clays' soft snoring, filling Nicks' ears with relaxing consistency.

Various parts of his body ache in ways they never ached before, the morphine tapering off to allow his body to recuperate from such a powerful drug. The drip slows painfully and Nick looks longingly at the empty I.V, willing it to fill with the relieving substance again.

A doctor walks in and smiles at him, clipboard in hand and happy expression at seeing him conscious. "Saw your heart rate had picked up and came to see if you were awake or dreaming again."

"Again?" Nick asks, voice hoarse and quiet to avoid stirring Clay. Knowing the male as long as Nick has, he knows that the alpha definitely stayed awake as long as possible to watch over Nick while he slept.

"Yes, again. Came in here a couple times with a team because your heart rate was so high. Any idea what you were dreaming about?" The doctor asks, matching the quiet quality of Nicks' voice while walking to the right side of the bed for some more quick checks.

Straining, he attempts to remember something that, for lack of better terms, is not real. He shakes his head as the doctor lays the stethoscope on his chest, taking deep breaths while the doctor moves it on various places of his chest.

"Well, hopefully it was good. We're gonna try to get you out of here today, get you home. Sound

good?" The doctor asks, wrapping the stethoscope around his neck and writing something on the clipboard.

Nick nods and looks longingly at the empty morphine drip again, stomach pulsing in pain and leg a pounding ache as the morphine fully metabolizes in his liver. The doctor huffs a laugh at his forlorn expression.

"We'll get you some pain killers, don't worry. We wouldn't let you go home like that," He says, scribbling more onto his board. "We'll give you mandated counselling during the prescription and afterwards, to avoid any unwanted dependencies."

The doctor presses a button on the side and the bed shifts up, setting Nick upright completely and startling Clay awake. Nick waves at the alpha, and the doctor greets Clay the same.

"Wha'ha'happnd'?" The blonds' bleary eyes blink slowly, eye crusties keeping them shut and mouth ajar as his words slur out.

"What had happened?" Nick asks, chuckling, sending pain as his stomach tenses with the gentle laughter. Clay nods his confirmation at Nick's translation of his slurred sentence. "Doctor came in and is telling me about leaving and stuff."

Clay gives him a thumbs up and moves slowly into an upright position, body creaking as he wakes up and comes to attention. He turns and cracks his back, spine clicking into place to fix his unaligned back. They continue to talk when the alpha seems to be listening.

"Are you men members of an unofficial pack?" Both men turn their heads rapidly to stare, confounded, at the doctor's observation. They nod, about to ask how he knew, when he beats them to it, "You guys have some domestic urgency to get home, head alpha watching over the official second-in-command, desperate to get back to omegas?" The doctor asks, stating while also looking for confirmation.

They both nod again, speechless. The doctor continues, "You wouldn't both be so desperate to go home after an injury like this if it was just you two. I've seen two person packs and they basically just hole up here and nest while the injured member rests." The doctor continues, happy to info dump on the willing men. "The most important thing to a pack with an injured member is to protect and heal with the members of the pack, and if that was you two, you would be hunkering down here to stay."

The doctor happily spewed out the random knowledge and the alpha's drank it in, self aware of their hurry to get home to their omegas. He smiles and writes more stuff on the clipboard, putting it under his arm to make his leave.

"I'll leave you two alone now and write your discharge note and prescription, so take a little more time in here. I'm sending you home early because we've reached maximum capacity and unfortunately, we need your bedspace. I apologise, and I'll make sure your physical therapy is cheap. I'll send a nurse in to start disconnecting the tubes and machines to get you out of here." He waves and walks out the door, leaving the men alone together.

"Did not realize we were that obvious," Clay smiles and says, gazing fondly at the man laying in the bed. Nick meets his fond gaze with one of his own, smiling at the blond leading their growing pack.

"Well, obviously it's because I'm *sooooo* in love with you," The brunet alpha chuckles and clutches his stomach, skin stretching around the staples and aching violently.

“I know you are,” The blond laughs it off, turning his attention to his stomach. “I’ll take care of your poor wittle tummy.” He makes a baby face and child-like grabby hands in taunt.

“You will?” Nick asks, face just as pouty and baby-like as Clays’ taunt. He opens his eyes wide and claps his hands together in a pray-like beg. “Like when we were seventeen?”

“Yes, weirdo, like when we were seventeen.” The alpha smiles and looks distantly at something, as if remembering the night mentioned. He shakes out of his haze and looks back at the man in the hospital bed.

They spend the next few hours recuperating and helping Nick adjust to the cast and walking with a terribly broken leg. The pharmacy in the hospital gives the shorter alpha his prescription of painkillers, the man immediately popping one and sighing as the various aches dissipate.

The men pack what little belongings they have and sign out of the hospital, a few days earlier than originally planned but still relieved to have survived the ordeal. Clay wheels the man out of the exit, vaguely heading in the direction of where he left Darryls’ car.

Rolling up to the Toyota 4Runner, he opens the passenger side door and lifts Nick into the seat before he can complain, the man blushing furiously at the manhandling. Clay winks at the man and makes sure his extremities are inside the vehicle before shutting the door, leaving the car to roll the wheelchair back to the hospital.

The blond returns quickly, starting the car after seconds of rickety turning over, pointing the one working vent at Nick. He turns the heat on, Florida winter not particularly cold but still uncomfortable in a car that chilled overnight.

A careful drive home filled with idle conversation brings them to their shared apartment in about thirty minutes, the usually reckless driver steering carefully to avoid excessive speeds or the general rule breaking he normally partakes in.

Parking in Darryls’ spot, he opens Nicks’ door and reaches over to unbuckle his seatbelt, scooping the mechanic into a bridal hold and shutting the door with his foot. Nick wraps his arms around Clays’ strong shoulders, burying his face into the crook of the tan neck, nuzzling into the bite mark resting near his collarbones.

Nick inhales deeply, rubbing his nose into the familiar scent concentrated at his teeth, mouthing and teething the mark, licking and sucking at the scar as Clay starts their journey to the apartment. He lets out soft groans, knees buckling a little as he carries them to the base of the stairs, Nick not stopping his attack on the bite.

“Ngnnh, Nickie, stop,” Clay protests weakly, lightly asking Nick to stop. The man in his arms chuckles and continues to tease the mark, dragging his tongue along the oils coming from the bite, smacking his lips as he retreats away from the forming hickey.

“I’ll let you get up the stairs, pretty boy.” Nick says, releasing the skin for the last time with a satisfied smile, pink lips shining with slick oils and gleaming teeth.

“Has Karl been neglecting you? To make you so desperate like this?” Clay asks teasingly, scandalised voice carrying them up the steps and in front of their shared door. He rearranges Nick into a position where he can open the door, like a koala hanging from a tree, and pushes the door open with a hefty shove.

The blond tosses the keys somewhere near the door, moving to the couch to dispense the injured

alpha so the taller man can get things ready for Nick. As Clay shifts away, Nick grabs his tan hand and forces him back down on the couch, lean body framing his stout form with careful limb placement.

Clays' elbows rest on the sides of his head, knees on the outsides of Nicks' hips to avoid putting weight on any injuries. The leg wrapped in the cast rests lightly on the couch, careful of Clays' bracing legs and any jostling.

"Karl hasn't neglected me, but some big blond alpha has been," He whines, straining his neck up to meet Clays' lips in a soft kiss, loving touch familiar and welcome after some time of neglect.

"Let's get you out of that hospital gown before we do anything else, okay, baby?" Clay asks with a sweet voice, akin to that of talking to a child. He smiles down at the brunet under him, and drops another quick kiss onto his lips before getting off of his injured body.

Clay reaches to untie the gown, knots tied in the front allowing for easier access to the naked body hidden underneath. Slipping the fabric off, he drops it onto the floor and leans back down to kiss the unbandaged parts of his chest, trailing the kisses over his skin and reaching a nipple, taking it into his mouth with loving fervor.

Nick writhes, naked body shivering in exposure and pleasure, arching lightly up into Clays' lips before the blond places a hand on the square of Nicks' bare chest to push him down.

"Nah-ah-ah, don't strain. I'll come to you, baby, don't worry." He whispers into the skin, words buzzing and tickling the exposed skin.

With his mouth on Nicks' chest, he trails his hands down to the bandages, finding the beginning of the wrap to start unwrapping his wounds. Clay slides his lips up to Nicks' neck, sucking sweet kiss marks on the pale skin, paying special attention to the bite mark resting near his collarbones.

When the bandages come completely undone, he leaves the newly purple neck and moves back down to the start of where the injury was wrapped, kissing the imprint on his skin from the texture.

His lips shine with Nicks' oil, peppering kisses leaving a shiny mark to follow over his body. He places his lips on an uninjured area and blows a raspberry, soft noise and feeling drawing a laugh from the smaller man.

Clay laughs into his skin and smiles, dropping a hand down to the hard cock standing at attention from the pampering kisses. He takes it in his palm and strokes it lightly, continuing his kisses while listening to Nicks' soft whines.

The blond licks at the top of his chubby stomach, leading his tongue down to the stapled wounds dotting his stomach. He licks at the injury, tongue lapping at the metallic taste and lathering the tears with copious amounts of spit.

Clay moves from the top to another sore, licking another with the same lapping tongue to cover it in spit filled with healing bacteria. Nick moans louder, soft whines growing louder and unrestrained. The tan hand starts to move faster, collecting precum from the tip to ease the passage of his hand.

He moves from that sore to another, repeating the process with every puncture and moving his hand faster with each lick. Nick moans unabashed and loudly as his hand moves faster and faster, pleasure accompanied with the tonguing at his wounds.

Clay completely removes his hands from Nicks' body when he finishes with the last staple, earning

a loud whine from the texan underneath. "Clay!" He shouts, whining voice forcing a laugh from the blond.

"I need to get some lube before anything else, darling, I'm not gonna hurt you," He says, getting up from the side of the couch with cracking knees to retrieve lube from their den. The blond returns with a bottle of lube to find Nicks' hand wrapped around himself, languid stroking interrupted by Clay's quick return.

"Oh sweet boy, let me take care of you," Clay sits down on the floor next to Nick, shimmying off his clothes to join Nicks' nakedness. He uncaps the lube and pours a little on his fingers, moving it around to warm it before taking Nick back into his hand. The warm lube smoothes the movements of their hands, Nick releasing his cock when Clay takes over.

"Sit up for me, baby, I'll help," Clay says, standing to help the injured man change positions and lean up from laying down. Avoiding stretching his stomach too much, the pair eventually get the man into a sitting position on the couch.

"Up, up, up," The blond repeats the words quickly, as if talking to a child, helping the stout man stand on his battered feet for only a second. The head alpha sits on the couch, pulling the naked man down into his lap to rest. His wrapped leg lays gently on the sides of Clays' tan thighs, the chubbier thighs dwarfing Clays'.

Nick leans his weight into the strong chest, head resting on his shoulder and back into the crook where the bite lays. The brunet sucks on his mark in retaliation for Clays' earlier ministrations, twitching as Clay rakes his nails up and down his back.

"You ready, baby? Want me to take care of you good?" Clay asks in a soft voice, improper words penetrating the headspace Nick slipped so far into. The brunet nods and shifts, eliciting a whimper of pain and pleasure as his cock rubs against the folding abdominal muscles.

"I'm gonna reach behind ya, honey, hold still." Clay orders, stopping the shifting in its tracks as he reaches his slim hands behind, uncapping the lube with his left and pouring it onto his right. The blond slips a finger in between the thick cheeks, lubing the space and teasing the desperate hole.

The alpha dips his finger into the male, down to his farthest knuckle without much resistance. Clay moves Nicks' head from his shoulder to look him in the eyes, an endearing smile on his face. "My sweetie, Karl has been taking care of you, hasn't he? To get you all perfect like this?" He places a kiss on his forehead and then lips, overly loving gaze trying to catch Nicks' glazed eyes.

Clay dips another finger in, slowly gliding down to the last knuckle and using his left hand to hold Nicks' wiggling hips, keeping the brunet in one solid place to avoid jostling any injuries. He scissors the fingers buried inside, whispering praises into the shorter alphas' hairline, the brunet sniffing at the mark again.

His hard cock nudges the back of Nicks' balls, freckled member pushing its presence into the known and forcing a moan from the shorter mans' mouth. Clay mouths at his shoulder, layering kisses to mask slipping a final finger in. He moves them around, searching for that spot with memorised ease.

Nick shivers when he finds it and tries to buck back, only to stay in place from the hard grip on his love handles, playing with the soft flesh distributed at the top of his hips. A few more minutes of that teasing and Nick whines loudly, vibrating the bite mark and garnering goosebumps from the blond.

“You ready?” Nick nods into his neck, “Okay, love, let me get a condom.” Nick swallows his protests and just stays in place as Clay digs a condom from a mysterious fold in the couch, living room always prepared for situations just like these.

Clay rolls it on without seeing it, expertise in safe sex aiding his cause in record time. “Baby, I’m gonna lift you on me, okay?” Nick nods frantically into his neck and moves them, forcing the man to look him in the eyes again.

“Yes, please, just fuck me,” He pleads, knowing by heart Clays’ need for verbal consent. The alpha just presses a kiss to his forehead and lays the man back down onto his collarbones. With strong hands, he grabs onto the base of his ass where the thighs connect and lifts him up, lining the man up with ease before dropping him back down.

The brunet sighs in relief, finally full after the teasing and emptiness. While letting the man adjust and sit comfortably, the door handle jingles and opens and before the intruders can walk in, the blond tosses a blanket over the shorter alpha.

Karl and George open the door, stopping in the doorway to observe the scene before them. Clay darts his eyes around, looking for a safe escape route for both of the men. The room layered with content cherry sandalwood and easy waves fills with the scent of sour storms and rickety weather.

He growls at the two and squeezes his arms tighter, careful of the staples, and keeps them both covered. Both of the omegas tilt their necks slightly and display the inside of their wrists to calm the agitated alpha down.

“Did not expect this when we went to the hospital and found you checked out, definitely not this.” Karl says, just walking in and taking Georges’ hand to lead him inside too. They close the door behind them and lock it before stepping into the kitchen. The green eyes follow them inside, moving them to protect the man hiding in his arms.

“I’m not mad or judging you, I’m not gonna say me and George didn’t do the same thing waiting for y’all to come back.” George looks at Karl, scandalised, and hits his shoulder while his face goes red. “What? I’m just being honest, not like they’re gonna care. I mean, look at them! They are in zero position to talk about us fucking!”

George hits his arm again and turns to face away from his fellow omega, head and neck flushing a deeper red. Karl starts again, “People fuck when they’re stressed, it’s normal. Don’t be embarrassed.” The tall omega moves to behind George, placing a kiss behind his ear and wrapping his arms around his waist.

Nick lifts himself up and then down again, causing an unwanted buck as their hips meet with a loud noise. Karl barks out a laugh at the sound, releasing the dark-haired brunette from his hold to observe the men on the couch.

Clay glares at Karl, still unrecognized of the man as primal instinct takes over to protect the person in his arms. A low rumble continues as Nick lifts himself up and down, cock rubbing against the tan stomach and speed increases. The blond grips his love handles to stop the frantic movements, whispering some order into the males’ ear to halt his pleasure chase.

“George, give me your jacket,” Karl says, reaching a hand out to take the fabric. The british man obeys and hands him it, watching Karl ball it up and chuck it at the pair. Clay catches it and the scent of his mate, his soulmate, fills his lungs and breaks his primal stupor.

“Oh my god, holy fuck, I’m so sorry.” He says, the brunet still out-of-it in his lap and stirring at

the commotion. “Not about Nick, of course not, but growling at you. I never want to be an alpha like that again, I’m so sorry.” Said shorter alpha rests his head again upon hearing that whatever is happening is not his fault.

“It’s fine, alpha, just finish what you’re doing and we’ll talk after. We’ll be in the room, waiting.” Karl says, dragging George by his shirt sleeve to the den hidden in the back. With the men out of the room, his focus turns back to Nick.

The hands keeping his hips still lift the man and his own hips meet when Nick comes down. Their easy pace starts, careful to keep any wounds from stretching too much as they finally begin fucking.

Nick licks at the mark on his neck, sucking on the oils and coating his mouth with their unique taste as Clay puts in the effort to fuck them both. He speeds up when Nick makes that noise, that little whimper, and angles his hips to slide against that spot with strong movements.

The alpha scratches his own itch too, chasing the welcome pleasure akin to returning home, long break between their fucking coming to an end as they both make consistent grunts and moans. His thrusts turn sloppy and uneven as desperation takes over, throwing off the blanket to reach one hand in between them, grabbing the leaking cock and jerking it off in time. His swelling knot begins to catch on the rim and Clay grabs Nicks’ knot in his hand, squeezing with an even pressure.

Nick gives no warning when he comes, just moaning loudly and slumping into the embrace as Clay pulls out and jerks off behind him, cumming on Nicks’ ass and lower back. They both relax into the couch and take deep breaths, sweaty bodies coming to a slow stop as the endorphins flood their brain’s.

Each man takes a few minutes of breathing, Clay running his nails up the moist back, paying special attention to the base of his scalp. The alpha whispers small praises and endearing phrases into his ear while they rest.

Nick chuckles, returning to his senses. “Get offa me, yer hawt,” he slurs, thick texan accent poking through as he forgets to mask the dialect. The blond moves to lay Nick back on the couch, checking on his stomach while he does so. He stands from the humid atmosphere they created and peers with a close at the wounds.

Nothing seems open and Nick breathes without pain, so Clay relaxes and walks naked to the kitchen, grabbing some cold water and granola bars to bring to Nick.

The man laughs when he sees the items, “I’m not an omega in heat that needs that.” He reaches out to take the items anyways.

Clay bends down to kiss his forehead, saying, “I know, but I don’t care.” He smiles and pulls on his discarded pants, forgoing underwear as his member remains sensitive. Nick takes deep and solid breaths on the couch, eyes gazing at the standing man with endearment and glazed lips twisting into a smile.

“Fine, fine, frickin’ head alpha *has* to take care of everyone like the perfect man he is,” He grumbles, tipping his head up a bit to sip on the water and avoid the mess of granola fallout, failing miserably at his second task.

“I know you hate me,” Clay smiles and pats the injured males’ head, turning to walk to the room with omega’s. “I’m gonna go talk to them real quick, I’ll be back Nickie.” He patters with bare feet to their den, opening the door to a scene similar to what they walked in on.

Karl sucks on Georges' left nipple, his hands playing with the right in a gentle motion. The room drowns in their scents, vanilla apples and orange honey licking at his sense with lively intensity. The taller omega unlatches from George, wiping his lips and leaving the british man huffing next to him.

"I'm so sorry, we shoulda talked about that-," Clay starts, interrupted by Karl raising a hand and shaking his head.

"We did it too, it's normal," He reassures and laughs lightly. "It's what pack members do in times of distress to reinforce the relationship and keep the pack strong." Karl closes his eyes and recites the fact.

"You don't have to teach me biology again, Karl." The blond says, shaking his head in dismissal.

"We need to be an actual pack so we don't have these discussions anymore," George pipes up, leaning back on the bed with his shirt pushed up his chest and torso exposed to the ceiling that he focuses on.

"Agreed." The answering men say at the same time, garnering a short silence and then loud laughter.

"I'm gonna go back with Nick, we'll plan this soon." He begins his walk out the door, turning back to view their responses. They both nod and go back to what they were doing, leaving Clay to return to the injured and thoroughly fucked man.

Chapter End Notes

HIII HOPE U LIKED IT NO PLOT JUST DREAMNAP!!!

[my twt for yall](#)

to the person in my comments who wanted karlnapity i am so sorry it will not happen
D;

the ceremony

Chapter Summary

this is it. the final chapter, the resolutions, the bonding

Chapter Notes

this has taken me a month to write. it the bittersweet end to an amazing journey in my writing and life. many things have happened and its been hard, but here i am, and here you are. please, to the fullest extent, enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nick makes grabby hands when Clay returns before quickly scolding himself for looking so desperate. The blond just chuckles and sits on the seat near the fucked alpha, waiting patiently for what he knows will come. After another minute of silence, Nick sighs and gives in, pushing himself up to sit, moving slowly to avoid injuring himself further.

“Nickie-,” Clay jumps up, rushing to help the man onto his feet, said man gripping onto Clays’ helping hands desperately. He looks up into green eyes and kisses the surprised lips quickly, leaning his weight onto the tan chest as his legs begin to give out.

“We haven’t done that in so long you know, all this time it’s been me and you avoiding that to go after omegas,” Nick shoots Clay a look to be quiet as the blond begins to defend himself. “Now, I love our omegas. But I love you too, dude, and I’m sorry that we’ve been avoiding doing what packs do because I couldn’t get out of my own head, and, -” Tears fall onto Clay.

“Hey, hey,” Clay says, kissing Nick deeply to voice his apologies in its purest form. “I love you too, I’m sorry too. Don’t you dare blame yourself for this.” He trails light kisses down his bite mark, sucking and biting on the scar.

“Let’s do that bonding thing soon and we can officially rebond, sound good?” Nick pushes Clay away to look him in the eyes, watching the tears well up and fall down. He peppers kisses on the trail marks and licks at the salty water.

“Yes, Nickie, it does.” He picks up the younger man gingerly, taking care of his injuries to hold him up and shuffle him into some pants. With his bottom half finally clothed, Clay holds the brunet bridal style and hauls him to their occupied room, walking in on George and Karl still huddled together.

George leans back on the pillows near the headboard, face buried in the concentrated scent of his pack, spine arching into the lips on his nipple and bucking into the hand down his pants. Karl continues to move his hand up and down, uncaring of the half-naked company that joined them. He uses the free hand attached to Georges’ other nipple and waves them in, allowing Clay to drop his alpha next to George on their bed.

The sudden weight shift in the bed brings George back to the surface, blushing deeply upon seeing his audience and bucking involuntarily into the hand still down his pants. He slaps his hands over his face in embarrassment, squirming under the gazes of his gently chuckling pack.

George uncovers his eyes and looks at the purple marks adorning his soulmate and packmate, smiling lightly at their reforged bond. He makes a motion to invite Clay over, Karl and the blond switching places to sit by their rightful mates. George curls into the bare chest for the first time in days, resting his nose where a fresh imprint of teeth sits, belonging to the injured alpha near the end of the bed.

The shortest omega keeps his shirt pulled up and lays skin to skin with his soulmate, melting into the welcome touch like a starved man. Peering one eye at the pair at the foot of the bed, he sees Nick and Karl in a similar spot, only with Nick resting on top of Karl instead.

The pairs enjoy skin contact for a few silent minutes, revelling in the touch for the first time in a few stressful days, the weekend long ago but not forgotten. Clay breaks the silence first, "So that bonding thing." The group laughs at the brashness.

"I've been looking into the paperwork, it should be easy," George pipes up from Clays' neck, adjusting so he can see the pack. "Me and Clay need to get a bonding license, register as the head alpha and omega in your existing pack, mate Nick and Karl together so Karl can be welcomed in, and then boom." He says it as if the list proves easy.

"Yeah, 'cuz that's so simple," Nick jests, laughing lightly while clutching his stomach, the stretching staples healing accelerated by Clays' earlier licking. The rest of the group joins in his laughter and Clay presses a kiss on Georges' head.

"The only way we can bond legally is that way, or the government will not recognize the bonding and we won't receive the benefits," George huffs, trying to defend his point in a whining voice while still snuggled on the alpha.

"We're teasing, we know." Clay whispers from the side of his mouth, placing another kiss on his hairline in an attempt to soothe the raudy omega. George settles and huffs one more time, pout pursing his lips to cover a smile.

The brunette omega suddenly pops up, leaping from the blonds' embrace and off the bed, ignoring the questioning calls from his soon-to-be packmates. Seconds later the doorbell rings, even sooner is opened with excited shouts from the short british male. A returning happy shout from a deeper voice muffles quickly, presumably as they hug and words are absorbed by hair.

The mouth-watering scent of Wilbur floods the apartment, intoxicating alpha turning all heads to the direction it comes. Heavy steps follow lighter steps, eventually leading back to the room with half naked men cuddled on the bed.

"Oh, hello guys," He stops in the doorway, forehead level with the frame as he views the shocking scene in front of him, turning his gaze to his baby brother for a closer look at his appearance. Little hickeys dot the skin exposed by his droopy shirt-collar, small patches of purple trailing up his ear and jawline, the path of sexual destruction not stopping at his skin.

Georges' puffy lips are swollen further than normal, well-bitten by a small set of canines, the marks in his bottom lip shallow compared to the damage alphas' teeth leave. His hair sticks up in random directions, straight out on the side as if pulled, the other side remaining untouched by comparison.

His pants sit askew on his hips and Wilbur halts his checking, the overarching smell of happy omega knowledge enough, disheveled appearance aside. Clay quickly tosses a stray blanket over Nick, still protective of his second-in-command from the recent bond strengthening and possessive nature he keeps hidden inside. The shortest alpha in the room just looks at the blond, as if to scold him, but a smile betrays his gaze.

“Hey! It’s nice to meet you again, for real this time!” Karl bounces up from the bed and extends a hand to the sweater-wearing alpha, who still stands shell-shocked in the doorway. A few seconds of buffering later and he takes the hand and shakes it, offering a smile to the tall omega.

Nick attempts to push himself up only to be lightly nudged back down by the blond alpha still laying on the bed. Clay shoots him a look to stay down before getting up to join the standing crew, not bothering for a shirt as the overwhelming need to be as closer to his pack as possible wins instead of logic.

Clay opens his arms as if initiating a hug and Wilbur steps easily into it, odd familiarity between the two men permitting a non-awkward hug. They part after a few seconds of polite scenting, the younger man pulling away smelling like a coffee shop by the shore and content alpha.

“I brought Wilbur here because I want to get started on bonding as quickly as possible.” George says matter-of-factly, turning all heads to his and filling the room with surprised faces. Wilbur turns his entire body to face the omega standing next to him in the doorway, body tensing and relaxing in intervals.

“Did you bring me here to be a witness?” Wilbur asks, sounding hurt and a little dejected, as though George lied to him about something. George turns to his brother as well, quickly raising his hands to dissuade any doubt from his mind.

“No! Of course not, I brought you here for something else,” George finally leads him into the room and sits him on the bean bag across from the bed, taking his resting place back on the mattress and motioning Clay to sit with him. Karl follows and settles back down next to Nick.

The smaller omega slides his hand under the pillow and pulls out a laptop, shocking the two alpha’s who live there as to how he hid that. Karl shrugs when they turn their eyes to him, nonchalantly passing it off while a traitorous smile plays onto his face.

“So, what? He was determined to plan this when you guys were at the hospital but you came back too fast.” He whispers and quiets when George glares at him for silence.

“Bie,” The brunette starts, gaining Wilbur’s full attention again. “I reached out to *them* -,”

Wilbur sits up from his relaxed posture on the bean bag, but stays sitting to avoid putting him on edge. “You did what?”

“I contacted them about coming to the U.S. in a couple weeks, for a bonding ceremony. I made sure they knew it would be me and my pack, but I asked if they would be okay with you joining our pack as well?” George says it and asks at the same time, prompting a response to his proposition from Wilbur.

“Me? Why would I be in this? I don’t live in the U.S. and I don’t plan to?” Wilbur looks directly at George when he says it, face confused and posture shrunken back. He leans back on the bean bag and looks directly at the ceiling, pondering.

“Because you’re my brother and you deserve it. We could initiate Nikki and Minx too, so you have

a pact sect across the sea as well. That way neither of us-," Clay cuts George off this time.

"Can I speak to you? Outside?" Clay whispers in his ear, nodding to the door and George halts his rambling with a quiet confirmation. The blond lifts George off the bed and sets him down, leading them out of the confused room.

The alpha shuts the door softly, closing the pair off from the salvation and comfort of the den. Clay sighs heavily, resting his weight on the doorframe, taking a few breaths before speaking. "George, we- we can't do that," The blond whispers, eyes squeezed shut and posture tense.

He continues, "I'm not okay with permanently bonding to people I barely know." His stern voice stays even, slight quiver betraying any attempt at appearing strong.

"You're bonding to me," George responds louder, uncaring of the people listening. "And- and Karl? You're bonding to him." He motions with his hand to the door.

"You're different-," The omega cuts him off.

"How?" His voice is sharper and cutting.

"If you'd let me finish." Clay opens his eyes and looks directly at George, waiting for a challenge. The brunette keeps his mouth shut. "You're my soulmate. Karl is Nicks' soulmate. I am bonded to Nick. Whether or not I bond Karl, he would still be in my pack."

George nods impatiently as Clay lists his facts. "Please understand. I am bonding to you and him for *life*," He adds emphasis to life. "You and him, regardless of my conscious decision on bonding, would still be bonded to me. Wilbur and Nikki and Minx, was it?" George nods.

"They are people I've barely met-," George opens his mouth but Clay lifts a finger, silently telling him to keep quiet. "Your brother will be a part of this pack through you, not bonding. That matters to me. They will also, if they bond."

The omega ponders his alphas' words, tapping his foot on the ground. He crosses his arms and looks away from Clays' eyes, huffing and glaring at the wall. "Fine." He moves to open the door, only to be stopped by a tan hand.

"Hey, where's your head at?" The blond peers down and directly into the heterochromatic eyes that desperately try to avoid his gaze.

"I don't understand you." George says under his breath, face still turned to the wall. The alpha moves his head again to meet his eyes, begging silently for him to repeat what he said.

"I don't understand you!" The brunette yells, snapping his head to challenge the green gaze. He continues before Clay can ask, "I don't get how you aren't mad at me! Yell! Scream! Tell me that you're upset over me acting out of line!" Tears slip silently down his cheeks.

The brunette lays a hand on Clays' chest and brings it up and down, the slap of skin repeating as he bangs on the hollow drum of his lungs. He tires after a few minutes of beating, moving slowly forward until his forehead rests on the middle of his chest and his hands barely hit his chest.

The alpha wraps his lean arms around the shaking form, holding him close and rocking their bodies side to side in a circle like a mother to a child. Clay shushes him and whispers unintelligible words into his hair, waiting and breathing until George calms.

"I'm not pissed off at you for something like that and even if I was," The blond pauses and thinks

about his words. "I would never yell or tell you that you're out of line." Clay moves George away from his body to look him in the eyes again.

"Why not? Why? Why are you so patient, so- you!" George cries, unable to raise his voice above a whisper. Suddenly, the door to their sides opens and the alpha turns their bodies so his back faces the threat. He relaxes when he smells Wilbur and his large body shuffles out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"Is everything okay?" The coffee and laundry alpha asks in a low tone, brotherly concern and protective nature forcing him to check. "We heard yelling." The british alpha crosses his arms, subconsciously readying for a threat. Clay keeps George hidden from his brother.

George sobs from the comfort of Clays' chest, smearing his snot over the bare skin but the blond continues to tuck him away. At the sound of his sobs, Wilbur's stare hardens and he reaches for the snivelling man in the alphas' arms.

Said alpha growls and bares his teeth, snapping at the hand coming near his sheltered omega. Wilbur withdraws his hand and growls back before slapping the hand over his mouth, leaving the only sound a rhythmic growl and purr combo the pair emits.

"I did not mean to growl at you," Wilbur apologizes, stopping Clays' own growls. The blond looks vaguely guilty and slightly relaxes his grip on George. The brunette continues to purr and nudges Clay to continue rumbling, going limp in the strong grip.

The head alpha rubs his hands up and down the sides of Georges' arms, bringing him back to reality and out of his stress induced stupor. He looks around, confused, and stiffens upon seeing his brother. Frightened eyes search frantically for a solution as to how Wilbur arrived there and how long he's been standing there.

"I'm sorry, too," Clay whispers, trying to coax the panicking man back into a sedated state with a low rasp of his chest. "I'll explain later, just- just give us a minute?" Wilbur scrunches his face in concern but nods, opening the door and closing it behind him to leave the soulmates alone.

Small conversation from the men, presumably about what was being discussed in the hall, filters through the door. Lean hands lead them to the couch that smells heavily of Nicks' and Clays' mating. George allows himself to be led and sits down on the couch without problem, ignoring the muddled smell lingering in the fabric.

"Listen, asking them if they wanted to be a pack before asking me was kind of a dick move," George sits in silence. "And, not but, and. And I'm not going to be mad at you for it because I know you mean well. Why did you beg me to yell?"

The omega looks away from the man holding him, "Because-," He takes a deep breath in and resets. "Because I'm not used to being treated with kindness, especially not after something like that. You- you know my parents." He says it with a hefty sigh, as if disappointed in admitting they are his parents.

Clay just stays silent and lets the older man think, holding him in his strong arms and rocking them on the couch. It takes a few minutes for the brunette to regain control of his diaphragm and stop racketing with muffled cries.

The omega initiates going back to the room, silently picking himself up from off the couch and grabbing Clays' hand for him to follow. They stalk back into the den and the confused faces of many men greet their entrance. The blond stops at the door and lets George walk in, motioning for

Wilbur to join him in the hallway. George takes the spot of his brother on the large bean back, sitting down in his residual warmth.

As Clay closes the door behind Wilbur, he sees the two other members of their pack join George on the beans, snuggling up to his side to calm him. It fills his large heart with joy.

“Did you hurt him?” Wilbur opens, smelling of rotting beans and dirty laundry, a far cry from his normal scent. It makes even a head alpha wish to bear his neck.

“Of course not, I’m falling in love with him.” Clay defends, ignoring Wilbur’s raised eyebrow. “Listen, I know it’s soon and I’m not gonna tell him until I think he’s ready. But, it feels like there’s been a part of me missing for my whole life and I’ve finally found that piece. That soulmate bullshit isn’t a lie, I guess.”

“Okay, then why was he like that?” Wilbur’s fierce protectiveness forces a smile onto Clay’s face.

“I know the feeling of being protective like this, I have a younger sister who’s fourteen,” Wilbur gives him a pointed look to get on with it. “He asked me if I was mad at him, and when I said no, he begged me to yell. All he did was mention something about your parents and I stopped prying there.”

The taller alpha crosses his arms and looks down at the ground before meeting Clay’s eyes. “Our parents they would- would, uhm,” Wilbur gulps and one single tear falls from his left eye. “They would scream at him whenever he did something wrong after he presented. Eventually, one day they just- just stopped. If he did something wrong they pretended he wasn’t there. You should have seen the things he would do to himself to try and get them to look at him.”

Clay puts a surprised hand over his mouth to cover his gasp. Wilbur nods at his disbelief, reaffirming that he told only the truth. The blond clutches his bare stomach and tries not to throw up.

“I can’t tell you the amount of times I patched him up. It’s the reason I became a night nurse, I work as a suicide watcher in a hospital for adolescents.” The alpha spills his guts as if no one ever listened to him before. “He’s done really well ever since I got him out of that house and he’s done even better since coming to America, but I know that he misses it sometimes.”

Clay stops him before he continues, “I understand not wanting to get out of a depression like that. You don’t need to explain it to me.” He cringes at his own confession.

“Then you know that you cannot hurt him again like that. He tells me about you all the time and he really looks up to you.” While Clay knew that information in his heart, it still feels good to hear.

“You go inside with George while I make some calls out here,” Wilbur looks at the alpha, puzzled. “Logically, we could legally bond as early as tomorrow. You’re not here for much longer and I don’t want to make you fly out, to fly back in again.” The taller alpha nods and opens the door, ducking into the room before closing it behind him.

The blond hears a litany of hellos and proper introductions from the rest of his group, redoing their terrible greetings from last Friday. Even with the meeting from earlier, the group properly introduces themselves with ice breakers, saddening Clay he has to leave for another task. Moving away from the door and noise, he steps into the kitchen and pulls his phone from the discarded hoodie tossed there from the earlier consummating.

Finding his mother’s number is easy enough, but calling it proves harder. A layer of guilt falls on

the alpha upon seeing the last time they called, dated by his iPhone as over three weeks ago. His family lives only an hour away and the last time he saw them was at his sisters' eighth grade graduation, a year and a half ago.

Before the guilt consumes him, he presses call and lifts the phone to his ear. It rings for a record breakingly short amount of time and his mothers' voice suddenly filters through the speaker.

"Bunkin!" He cringes but smiles at hearing his nickname. "Where have you been? You haven't called in weeks!" The tenseness in his shoulders relaxes with her words.

"Hiya, mom." Her silence begs him to explain. "I, uh, I met someone. I think he's my fated mate?" Saying it aloud to his mother makes the whole thing more real, the truth of them being fated finally settling on his mind.

"And why do you think that?" She changes from scolding to soft, genuine care bleeding into her voice. His younger sisters' voice peeks through the background.

"When we met, I had this overwhelming urge to protect him. And then, we met again, and I brought him a fuckin' hoodie to give him because I needed him to smell like me. In the few weeks we've known each other, a part of my life has clicked. Everything just makes sense." His mother lets him finish and shushes his sister to listen.

"That's how it was with your dad and I, almost down to a tee. We met at a drive-thru, where I worked," For as many times as Clay hears this story, it never gets old. "He came through to the window and saw me and it was like my entire world stopped. He pulled out some old napkin and got my number, then went and waited in the parking lot. When my shift was over, he was there. The rest is history." The blond hears the smile on her face.

"I met him on the bus, while he was actively in heat. I made sure he got home safe, got his number, and left. The past couple of weeks are the rest of what happened, I guess." He leans with one tan hand on the counter, the other holding his phone. The same smile on his moms' face adorns him.

"You always were a good egg, your father and I are so proud of you. I assume you're calling to ask me something about him?" Her intuition continues to baffle the blond. Clay takes a moment to think of his words, an eternity of moments in the span of a second.

"Yeah, actually, I-I do," The hand leaning on the counter comes to his head and he runs his fingers through the sex-tussled locks, hardly believing that only hours ago him and Nick rebonded. "I want to bond him, while his brother is still in town. I know it doesn't really matter if I ask you or not, but I want to. Will you be his guide? Please?"

His mother gasps something fierce over the phone, opening and closing her mouth with a pop. "Why wouldn't his mother? That's a huge thing to ask of me, Clay." The use of his real names throws him off balance.

"His mom and dad, well-," The hand in hair tugs lightly on the strands. "They're not coming, even if they wanted to. I'm not letting them near him ever again." His mom recognizes the hard quality to his voice and changes the subject.

"When would it be?" She asks, setting the phone down with an audible drop. His sister, Anna, though affectionately known as Drista, bounds over to the device in the kitchen. She speaks loudly into the microphone, loudly enough that his iPhone cuts the audio and saves him from the ear-splitting words.

“What’s up, fucker? You finally gotta bitch-,” Her question cuts off as a slap rings out, dully sounding like a thwap to the back of her head. “Mom, what the hell?”

“No cussing, and hand me the phone!” If Clay knows anything like he knows his mom, he’s aware that the slap just sounded worse than it was. “Anyways, honey, when are you thinking?”

The flip of her planner comes through the phone along with a grumbling Drista opening the fridge to find ice or comfort food. The scene floods easier to his head, his mom standing at their granite counter with her calendar open, glasses nearly falling off of her nose as she clicks a pen and ignores the pouty child in the back.

“Tomorrow, honestly,” The blond just ignores the indignant gasp. “His brother leaves on Friday and it’s already Tuesday, plus he’s not a big ceremony person and neither am I. All the people I want there live within an hour’s distance, at most, and getting the license is easy. Thank god for all the shit I went through with Nick to make further bonding easy.” He can picture her startled face.

“Tomorrow?” Her pen clicks and scribbles something down, strong lines crossing through plans to cancel them. His sister jumps back over to the phone, feet slapping against the no-doubt well-cleaned tile.

“You’re gonna bond? Frick yeah, I wanna be the flower girl!” Her excited voice sends a happy shiver through his body, his family’s acceptance making a primal part of his brain ease with content.

The door to the den room opens and Nick spills out, holding onto the wall to stabilize his foot and the other hand holding his stomach, the door shutting softly behind him. Clay sets his phone down and rushes over to the man, grabbing his arm from the wall and slinging it over his shoulders, leading them both back to the kitchen.

“Heyyyyy, Drista,” Nick says with a grunt, resting his weight on the counter and on Clays’ chest. “How ya’ doin’?” He asks while resting his head on the blonds’ shoulder, closing his eyes to breathe as the pain meds wear off.

“Nick!” She exclaims, sounding genuinely happier to talk to him rather than her own brother. “My favourite alpha!” Clay sticks his tongue out, the silent taunt going unnoticed over the call.

“Hey, female Clay, what’s up?” His pained noises drown out the happiness in his voice. “Before you ask, I’ve been in the hospital. Work accident, I’ll be fine, broken leg and staples in my stomach.”

“Okay, we’ll be there tomorrow. I texted your father about it, I assume it’ll be at your apartment?” His mother cuts through Drista’s words, the glasses sitting on the edge of her nose, something that Clay doesn’t need to see for him to know is there.

“Yeah, come at like one-thirty?”

“One-thirty it is. I have to take your sister to volleyball, I love you. Goodbye!” She hangs up before any of the other participants in the call speak.

Nick just keeps resting his head on Clays’ shoulder, unphased when the blond puts his cheek on the stringy brown locks. They stand there, breathing, enjoying each other’s private company. They stagger back to the room after ten minutes, returning to the men waiting patiently in the den.

Clay lays Nick on the bed, sitting next to him as Wilbur stands near the doorway and Karl and George pile on the beanbag. The silence settles uncomfortably on the group, Clay breaking it

bravely, “We’re going to bond tomorrow, I can get the license early morning.”

The way Georges’ neck snaps concerns every man in the room, joined by an exclamatory, “How! I did all the research and I thought it would’ve taken at least a few weeks?” His genuine confusion looks cute, like a dog tilting its head.

“You forgot that me and Clay are already registered members of a pack, all you need to do is sign in. It’s like a family registry, the longest part of this process is getting a new driver’s license sent to your house.” Nick chimes in, eyes drooping closed and body relaxing into the close warmth of the head alpha next to him.

Though not very late in the day, the alphas’ eyes droop from the last of the medication wearing off and earlier copulation. Clay picks up where he left off, “All I have is some family about an hour away, everyone else is like right next to me. I told my family to be here at four, I hope there’s no problems with all of this? I realise I didn’t ask for anyone’s opinions, which I apologise for-,”

Karl and George cut him off, “It’s fine.” They chuckle at the jinx.

“I’m good with it too, and I’m going to head out so you can rest,” Wilbur says, moving towards the door. Clay looks desperately between the man falling asleep on him and the man walking away, deciding which to prioritise before Wilbur makes the decision and waves at him to stay down. He changes his tone to a whisper, “I’ll be back tomorrow, so let him rest.”

George pops up from the beans to show him out, leaving Karl to struggle from the beans’ embrace to join the alpha’s on the bed, snuggling into the other side of the soggy male. The smallest brunette omega eventually returns, finding all the men dozing soundly on the large bed. He smiles fondly, turning off the lights and slipping easily in, falling asleep next to them all.

The brunette wakes to an empty bed and sunlight streaming high through the curtains, blinding his eyes and forcing a sleepy hand to slap over his face. Through his fingers, bleary eyes gaze at the blinking clock near on the nightstand, reading *one forty-two P.M.* With sleep-drowned movements, he jumps from the bed and stumbles into the door, bouncing off of the surface before pulling it open.

All conversation stops and every head turns to look at him, slowly filling the silence with fond laughter at his entire disheveled appearance. Every one each of the men cares about fills the room, going back to their conversations when Clay rushes over to the soggy man and urges him lightly into the nearby bathroom.

Clay closes the door and plants a sweet kiss on Georges’ lips, the tired man melting into the comfortable hold with familiar ease, leaning into the embrace without resistance. “We’re gonna be bonded in a few hours,” The alpha whispers, trailing the kisses to his ears to nibble on the cartilage there.

With a quick manhandling, Clay picks the omega up and sets him on the counter, leading his lips down his neck to nibble on the unmarked scent gland secreting honeyed apples and vanilla there. “Yeah, we’re gonna be mated forever and I can treat you right, treat our pups right,” Tan hands rub his stomach where pups would grow, messing with the skin there while nipping his skin.

“C-Clay, what’s going on?” The treatment jolts him into awakesness and awareness of the people laughing outside the door and how bad his mouth tastes from sleep. The blond suddenly backs off of the omega, tucking his hands into his pockets and stepping away.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry, the stupid alpha shit went to my brain and I- did I hurt you?” His frantic

words give the newly-awake man whiplash, going from enjoying the kisses to damage control.

“No, you did not. Just surprised me, that’s all,” The brunette reassures, grabbing the panicking alphas’ hand and rubbing it along his face to calm him down. The pacing immediately stops and Clay rumbles, to which George purrs along. “We have a room full of people out there, your family included. Let me brush my teeth, and you can take me to change into some of the clothes I brought over-,”

Clay interrupts, “My mom brought you the official bonding robe, if you want that?” His green eyes look at the floor bashfully, feet shuffling in anxiety while Georges’ heterochromatic eyes fill with tears. “I know it was a lot to assume of me that you’d want a guide, especially that you’d want my mom to do it but-, hey, why are you crying?”

“Sorry, I didn’t think I’d get a guide,” He uses his free hand to wipe the tears. “I would love to wear it, as long as you wear yours.” A wet laugh sob joins his sentence, the lean arms wrapping around his sitting torso in comfort. They sit there for a few minutes while he sobs, not unlike yesterday in the hallway, as Clay rubs his hands up and down his back.

A knock breaks their trance, “Hey it’s getting near two-thirty, you wanna start this thing?” It sounds like Nick, the thought confirmed as the sound of his boot drags along the floor. Clay answers something unintelligible but Nicks’ trained ear just walks away and accepts that as an answer.

George wiggles from Clays’ grip and brushes his teeth in silence, allowing himself to be taken to the den where the robes lay on the bed, two white ceremonial pieces of cloth that signify so much more than just clothing. Clays’ mom sits on the beanbag, rising when they enter to greet the man the universe decided was her sons’.

“Hello, George, I’m Erin, his mom,” She sticks out her hand for him to scent, to which he takes and sniffs with tears dotting his eyes again. “This one was mine, and same with yours, doofus.” She slaps the back of his head, the same way as she did for his sister.

“I’ll leave you to it,” With a fond smile, she leaves the men to their own devices with a soft shut of the door. They silently strip and observe each other's nakedness, devoid of the sexual tension from earlier as they see the bare forms as evolution intended.

In continued silence, the blond grabs the green paint sitting on the nightstand, opening the jar with a distinctive sound. Clay dips his tan fingers into the cold paint, covering his index and middle in the cool substance before dragging the colour from between Georges’ brows to the tip of his nose.

Scooping up more paint, he drags his fingers along the pale cheekbones and up his temples, swirling the edges on his forehead. With one last scoop, he paints the pink lips and connects it to his jawline, defining the bones with a final drag.

George grabs the blue and brown jars and does the same, dipping his slender fingers into the blue first, slathering the paint in a similar pattern on the left side of his face, though fangs adorn his lips rather than fully painted look the omega sports. He repeats with the brown paint, the colours mirroring his eyes, the substance reflecting the eyes that the man will gaze into everyday for the rest of their lives.

The blond picks up the smaller robe and dresses George, getting down onto his knees to tie the bottom knot with deft fingers, moving up the line until he reaches the top to tie the final knot, avoiding the instinct to place a kiss on his lips until they bond officially.

George still stands, waiting for Clay to sit on the bed for him to tie his knots in the same fashion, looping them in the same order and with the same tightness. The blond stands and looks into his heterochromatic eyes, years of love to come written in the silent gaze.

They leave the room, hand in hand, to the waiting crowd in their living room. Nick and Karl adorn the same get up, their paints featuring Clay and Georges' colours to signify their positions as head alpha and omega. All the furniture sits off to the side to reveal a large circular blanket on the ground, decorated with deep purple rose tulip petals. The important members of the families start at the top of the rug, starting with Clays' family and moving onto Wilbur.

Drista, his mom and dad, sneakily wipe away tears, Wilbur copying their movements with less subtlety. The Moore siblings stand there too, happy to see their big brother finally mate an omega instead of an alpha. Nick waves happily from his spot inside the rug at his kid brother's. From the family moves the closest friends, Jimmy, Alex, Darryl and his boyfriend Zak, Toby, Johnathan, everyone important crammed into their little apartment.

The room goes silent when they walk from the den, gliding royally over to the center of the rug as all eyes follow them. The other pair rests on the outer circle, stitched in by hand as it passes through generations. Clays' parents bonded on this rug, as will his pups if they ever decide to bond.

Some words are spoken, sounded off from the top of the circle and going in descending order, but the pairs on the rug gaze at each other in silence without absorbing a single word. Clays' parents say their words of promise, to take care of the budding pack as if they are their own, before dipping their thumbs in white paint and dragging it from the middle of their hairline to the top knot of the robes.

Erin smiles at the brunette omega, patting away his tears when she paints his line like he is her own brood, her motherly treatment in the past fifteen minutes more doting than any treatment from his birth mother.

Clays' tall father happily draws his sons' line, whispering something unheard by the rest of the group but brings a large smile to his face. He keeps silent and lets his dad draw the same line in a gray paint on Nicks' face, watching with endearment as his mom moves onto Karl with the same gray paint.

His parents step out of the circle and close the paint jars, shushing Drista in the process until the entire room drapes in silence. Clay steps forward first, "George, my soulmate, will you accept this ceremony as an offering to introduce you to me, my pack, my life, forever, and every life here and after?"

"Clay, I will accept this ceremony and all your offerings from you to me, for the betterment of myself, my pack, my life, forever and for every life here and after." The tears run through his paint, thankfully not smudging as his lip quivers and his voice shakes.

"Oh, come here," Clay reaches for the smaller male, untying the top knot to place his teeth on the gland, waiting there one last time for his consent. The brunette laughs and nods, pushing the back of the blond hair to keep him in place, reaffirming his want to bond.

The alpha grunts as his teeth grow through the gums, canines sharpening enough for him to pierce the skin over the scent gland, gently pressing his teeth down to finally break the barrier and allow him to bond. The brunette makes a small noise of pain, quickly soothed by Clays' lapping tongue to heal the aching wound.

Clay peels back and admires his handy work with tears in his eyes, viewing the rapidly healing bloody bite mark on Georges' neck. The blood still coats his mouth and teeth, the happy smile diluted with tangy red blood as he waits for George to ask him the same question.

"Clay, my soulmate, will you accept my bonding as an offering to be introduced into you, your pack, your life, forever, and every life here and after?" His voice is shakier than before, the grimace of pain overcome by the elation of being complete.

"George, I will accept your bonding and all your offerings from you to me, for the betterment of myself, this pack, our lives, forever and for every life here and after." The blond licks the blood from his teeth and swallows it down, almost ferally. The brunette steps closer and unties the top knot, reaching up and looking at the man towering seven inches taller than himself.

With one decisive pull, he tugs the knot free and gets on his tippy toes, finding the unbitten scent gland and clamping down on the gland without hesitation, filling his mouth blood and the concentrated taste of the alpha, the pure bliss of finally tying two ends of the string of life together causing them both to fall into each other.

They shuffle from the inside of the circle to the out, switching places with Nick and Karl to let them repeat the ceremony and the vows, watching with fondness as their pack members bond with each other and officially welcome the men in their lives forever.

Clay replaces Nicks' spot standing in the circle, repeating his words with Karl, biting on the other side of his neck, where a pack bond goes, introducing him as the second omega forever and the lives to come. George does the same, biting down on the fresh mark of Clays', coating his mouth with the blood and leftover spit of his new official mate.

And again, with Clay rebonding Nick officially, and George breaking the old scar left by the blond. When he steps away, they all look at each other in silence, broken after a few seconds by the cheering crowd and the overflow of tears by all the men involved.

They all step into the center of the middle circle, clutching each other with happy arms and wet faces, finally complete as the pack officially comes together, surrounded in love.

Chapter End Notes

its over. i hope you enjoyed it as much as i enjoyed writing it.

[my twitter as always](#)

i love you guys, so much. thank you.

End Notes

comments and kudos fuel me [my twitter for yall](#) yes i am so sorry that i link my twitter so many times posting notes on ao3 is so honking confusing

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!